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The Week.

ON Wednesday the Fortieth Congress was busy getting itself ready to die, and both houses were in session nearly all night. The Senate had a long discussion on the Public Credit Bill. It was opposed by Mr. Bayard and Mr. Hendricks on the old Democratic grounds; Mr. Sprague opposed it because in his opinion it would "make capital higher;" Mr. Morton would not vote for it because in effect it made a new contract with the public creditor, and for doing that he saw neither necessity nor excuse; Mr. Cole, of California, spoke still more plainly on the same side, and put himself frankly with the letter-of-the-law repudiationists. The debt, he said, ought to be paid in coin if, when the time came to pay it, the United States currency in circulation was coin; otherwise it should not and would not be paid in anything but paper. The bill passed by a vote of 31 to 24. It was decided on the same day that Mr. W. W. Corcoran should be paid for the property of his which was seized during the war; but first he is to take the test-oath. In the evening session there was much talk about the appropriation of \$20,000 for the Sisters of Charity, of Charleston, those ladies having befriended Union prisoners during the war. It was opposed and defeated. Mr. Howard handled the Pope of Rome without gloves, but the Democratic Senators defended him. That the Sisters of Charity have a claim on the country's gratitude, and that whatever pecuniary acknowledgment of our debt we may make will be spent, we may be sure, in the continual work of charity which they carry on, would seem to be the strongest argument in favor of the appropriation. The vote was 23 against it and 20 for it. On Thursday the Forty-first Congress began its existence. Mr. Colfax took the chair and swore in the Senators elect, of whom the new ones are Thurman, of Ohio; Pratt, of Indiana; Carpenter, of Wisconsin; Schurz, of Missouri; Casserly, of California; Brownlow, of Tennessee; Hamilton, of Maryland; Hamlin, of Maine; Buckingham, of Connecticut; Stockton, of New Jersey; Fenton, of New York; Bayard, of Delaware; Scott, of Pennsylvania; Gilbert, of Florida; and Boreman, of West Virginia. By the advent of these gentlemen the small Democratic minority in the Senate is made smaller by one. The Republicans are strong in ability, but will miss Frelinghuysen, while it is probable that they have received an accession of genuine strength in Schurz and Carpenter. The Democrats lose Hendricks, Buckalew, and Doolittle, three of their ablest men—a loss against which there is as a set-off the gain of Mr. Thurman. On Friday the Senate transacted a little business, and then on receipt of two very brief messages from President Grant cleared its galleries, went into executive session, and amid great silence listened to the names of the Cabinet that had been selected. The persons nominated were all promptly confirmed, no Senator apparently being familiar with the act

establishing the Treasury Department. A knowledge of the provisions of that law would have made Mr. Stewart's confirmation impossible; and great a prize as the Treasury is, and much as Mr. Stewart's name has been talked about in connection with it, and much as quite a number of people may be presumed to have wanted it for themselves, it is truly surprising that no Senator was ready with his objection. On Saturday Grant's message setting forth the difficulty, and asking not the repeal of the law, but that Mr. Stewart should be exempted from its operation, was received and allowed to lie over, the Senate showing what everybody will consider proper dignity and respect for itself and the President.

There was one rather extraordinary performance by the Senate of the Fortieth Congress in its last hours, which ought not to go unnoticed. This was the confirmation of a batch of Mr. Johnson's appointments, for which there could have been no urgent necessity, and in the face of the Senate's previous determination to fill no more offices under the outgoing administration. Half the Senate was asleep, it is said, and the rest mostly in a less creditable condition, when the few who were awake engineered the confirmation, and inflicted on Philadelphia a Democratic district-attorney, together with a collector of the port and an assessor of internal revenue, whose chances for appointment by Grant would undoubtedly have been of the slimmest. We hear less of injury done in other quarters, whose indignation perhaps is less likely to make itself felt than that of a great city like Philadelphia; but whatever tends to prolong the rule of the politicians, to corrupt the civil service and obstruct its reformation, and fetter General Grant in his attempts to destroy the one and purify the other, is an evil which strikes everywhere, and which in this case, if the truth is told us, common vigilance and sobriety might have spared us.

In the House on Wednesday Mr. Colfax tendered his resignation of the place he has filled so long and so well, in a speech which, though wordy, as all his speeches are, was not ungraceful. The House paid him, with more feeling than such formalities usually call forth, the compliment of a laudatory resolution. The honor of the Speakership for the last few hours of the session was accorded to Mr. Pomeroy, of this State, who has been "rotated" out of his seat, and whose retiring is said to be a loss to the House and a gain to the "men inside politics" in his district. The Public Credit Bill, as it came amended from the Conference Committee, was discussed and passed. Mr. Butler objected to the manner in which the final debate was conducted, only two or three minutes each being allowed the members who desired to speak. His own "short and easy method with dissenters" is, however, so well known that his complaints were severely disregarded. The vote stood 118 to 51. The papers do not give the names of the Republicans who voted against it, but there evidently were some Republican votes in the negative. Mr. Butler's opinions, as the debate showed, have undergone no change, and he still denounces the bill as made in the interest of the brokers. On the following day the representatives elect of the Forty-first Congress assembled in the House, and, under the chairmanship of the Clerk of the House in the last Congress, proceeded to organize. The clerk is the only official of the House who holds over from the end of one Congress till the beginning of the next; the sergeant-at-arms, doorkeeper, and other officers are newly chosen. This fact was apparently known to Mr. James Brooks, for he defied the authority of the clerk with a turbulence and vehemence that he has never shown at times when it would have been easy for the presiding officer to order his arrest. The clerk has power to make up the roll of

members elect, and if any informality in any person's certificate of election appears, it is his duty to keep such person's name off the rolls till there is a House which can pass on the certificate. Governor Bullock, of Georgia, did not—as some hint, designedly—make out his certificates of the election of the Georgia members in the form prescribed by law; and there was some irregularity in the certificates from Louisiana; so, of course, the names of the claimants of the seats belonging to these States were not read. Thereupon Mr. Brooks began a great disturbance, out of which he could not hope to come with success, and out of which he does not seem to have seen that he could not come without disgrace and some ridicule. The better sort of Democrats sustained the clerk in restoring order. Mr. Blaine was chosen Speaker; the Democrats giving the compliment of a nomination to Mr. Kerr, of Indiana. On Friday nothing was done except the electing of a Clerk of the House and a Sergeant-at-arms. Mr. Ordway, in spite of all that has been laid to his charge in some of the newspapers, got the latter post; and Mr. McPherson the former. On Saturday the House was not in session; like the rest of Washington, the discussion of the constitution of Grant's Cabinet kept it fully employed. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen there assembled will not make the mistake of supposing that the people who elected Grant share their disappointment at the fact that so few "statesmen" have been called in to manage our "rings," the collection of our internal revenue, and the other things which our grand public men have formerly had such marked success with. On Tuesday, Mr. Boutwell got the Reconstruction Committee reappointed, and the House, under the lead of Mr. Butler, aided by the previous question, again repealed the Tenure-of-Office Act.

Mr. Johnson's "farewell address" was a very characteristic performance, and perhaps the very best answer he could make to those who loved to consider him "the greatest criminal of this or any other age." The comparison, so favorable to Andrew Johnson, which he draws between this gentleman and the wicked Sylla of Roman fame, is in every respect a triumphant vindication of himself against the Butlers and Chandlers and Logans, and proves to our mind beyond question that he has studied Plutarch and Smith's dictionary to much more purpose than they. To the timid philosophers who predicted confidently that, unless "hurled" by impeachment "from the chair he had disgraced," he would overturn the Government and get drunk among the ruins, he can now make the triumphant reply, that though they have done their best at him, he did n't do half the mischief which they swore most vehemently he might do if he liked. He says he had a vast army at his disposal, which, if he liked, he might have led furiously against the French in Mexico; and that he had vast powers offered him by the Radical ruffians in Congress, which he might have used to make himself a dictator; but he steadily resisted their blandishments, and remained plain Andrew Johnson, the friend and servant of the people. In short, he has covered his enemies with confusion. The continued existence of the United States Government during his administration and at its close must for ever remain, on their own showing, a monument of his disinterestedness and self-restraint. The most humorous part of the address is the close, where he shows that treason was not a crime at all, as he at first supposed it to be, but a mistake, for which the North was as much responsible as the South, and that, instead of punishing the rebels for it, we ought to do all we can to soothe them and assist them to forget it.

General Grant's inaugural has at least the merit of being a plain, sensible, practical document. It does not contain much; but, except the allusion to the gold-mines as a peculiarly valuable source of national wealth, it contains nothing which anybody could wish had been omitted. The policy he traces out for himself is excellent; the view he takes of the President's place in the Government shows that the discussions of the last four years have not been in vain. He knows exactly what a President's "policy" amounts to, and means to act on his knowledge. He makes one really valuable contribution to the political wisdom of the day when he says that the best way to secure the repeal of bad laws is to execute them stringently. He might have added that it is the best mode of "educating the people up" to the

knowledge of good and evil in legislation. The notion which he appears to hold that the gold-mines of the country are likely to be of any more value to the Government than the potatoes of the country, we cannot help calling a very unfortunate delusion. Gold-mining is a poor business, which makes perhaps poorer returns on the labor and capital invested in it than any other species of industry. Government can only get gold out of the mines by taxing the miners heavily, which would drive them out of the business, or by working the mines itself, which it would find vastly less profitable than raising cranberries, and which it would necessarily do at very much greater disadvantage than individuals. The inaugural has been received with the greatest satisfaction by the press of all parties.

We have discussed elsewhere, as we could amid the shifting rumors of the hour, the new Cabinet; and all that we need do here is to report the condition of affairs as we go to press. The President having withdrawn his request for an exemption of Mr. Stewart from the operation of the law of 1789, and that gentleman having in vain made an offer to relinquish all the profits of his business during his term of office—a liberal but technically insufficient expedient—and finally having declined his appointment, it is now certain that Mr. Stewart will not be Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Boutwell is his reputed successor, and this rumor is always coupled with the statement that General Grant cannot endure two Cabinet officers from one State, and therefore must displace Judge Hoar. This being, in our opinion, a relic of the spoils-of-office and sectional politics, we sincerely hope it has no existence in Grant's mind and will not influence his action. There is talk already of Mr. Washburne's resigning his seat in the Cabinet.

Another glimpse of blue sky after the long reign of corruption and inefficiency with which we have been afflicted is the removals and appointments which Grant has made during these first few days of his power. Mr. Binckley was at once ordered out of the Treasury Department. General Gillem, who has been the delight, so far as a Federal soldier could be, of the rebelliously disposed in Mississippi, and within the limits of whose command the negroes have been in a state of semi-servitude, has been sent to rejoin his regiment. General Reynolds has been sent back to Texas, and Sheridan to Louisiana. We do not know what qualifications General Hancock may have for command in Dakota; sending him there may, for anything we know, be for the best interests of the service. It does not, however, look much like a favor to him—which perhaps is not a disadvantage; but the appointment has the disadvantage of making one remember that Hancock worked hard for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and if he could have got it would have run in opposition to his old companion in arms. It is to be remembered, however, as a matter for thankfulness, that in Dakota he cannot do the harm that he unquestionably did in Louisiana and Texas. The appointment of Sherman as General was, of course, a foregone conclusion and no man says no to it. There is little or no demur, either, to the appointment of Sheridan as Lieutenant-General, high as Thomas stands in the respect of his countrymen. Grant's personal liking for Sheridan has never been denied, nor his disposition to give honors where his affection is given; but it is not said—and it would be excessively hard to prove—that he makes people his friends who are not worthy of all the confidence he can give them, or that he gives honors and imposes labors where there is not desert and ability. One might doubt if the selection of Mr. Washburne as Secretary of State might not be cited in contradiction of this statement. But it appears to be the fact that Mr. Washburne is only temporarily in the State Department, and mainly by way of compliment to him, and thus the seeming exception in his case is removed.

Some four columns of the *Times* have been taken up this week with the correspondence between District-Attorney Courtney and Attorney-General Evarts relative to the prosecution of Mr. William Fullerton. Apparently it is Mr. Courtney who has given these letters to the light; and that, we suppose, is the reason why we get from

them no information on a point which, first and last, has caused a good deal of curiosity, and which, it is probable, can be made clear only by Mr. Evarts, namely, how it happened that, with a District-Attorney straining in the leash to be let loose on an alleged criminal, and a gentleman under indictment anxious in a very high degree to be put on trial, so that his perfect innocence might be made patent to all the world, and a whole municipal community, not to say the people of the whole country, very willing to see the inside of the Whiskey Ring, and to see it visited with exemplary punishment in the persons of some of its worst members, in case Mr. Fullerton should not make his innocence manifest—how it happened, all these things being so, that Mr. Evarts suddenly ordered all proceedings under the indictment to cease, only Mr. Evarts—perhaps we should do better to say Mr. Evarts or Mr. Johnson—can tell us. The correspondence in the *Times* may be said to be printed by way of clearing Mr. Courtney's skirts. To do him justice, he seems to have been choked off his enemy only with difficulty, and in his letter of February 9th he makes some very good points against the Attorney-General. His style, by the way, contrasting with the verbal cloud behind which the Attorney-General can, on occasion, place himself, aids him in disposing the reader to think that probably his view of the matter may be right, and that in the attempt to quash the case there may have been an attempt at screening rascality from justice and conniving at the robbery of the revenue. However, all this is now of not so much consequence, except to the men whose reputation the delay may have endangered, as it was a few days ago. One of the first acts of Grant's administration was an order directing that the trial of Mr. Fullerton's indictment should proceed as soon as might be fitting; and now, if that gentleman has been slandered, he will be cleared so far as a jury and an honest judge can do it, and will not be compelled to rest content with the imperfect whitewashing given him by an inexplicable stay of proceedings against him. Other "Whiskey men" have already found the difference there is between Grant and Johnson. Pardons granted by Mr. Johnson in his last official moments for Blaisdell, Eckel, and Dupuy—who are all at Sing Sing—were recalled before they had reached their destination, and it is extremely probable that those convicted thieves will serve out their terms.

The writer in the *Tribune*, whose article provoked the card from Mr. Bigelow on which we commented last week, returned to the attack on Tuesday, and endeavored to show that Mr. Bigelow had reference to quite a different conversation from that so severely censured by the *Tribune*. This position is fortified by extracts from the Diplomatic Correspondence, which fix the date of the transaction between Mr. Bigelow and M. Drouyn de L'huy as early in October, 1865, whereas the former, in his card, speaks of "an effort I made, soon after the peace of 1865," which was brought about in April. But soon is a relative term; and one phrase—"the logic of the situation"—which does not escape the notice of the *Tribune*, by its occurrence both in the official correspondence and in the ex-minister's card, satisfies us that Mr. Bigelow had in his mind the very occasion for which he is taken to task. For the rest, we fail to discover any material discrepancy in the two reports of what he said to the French minister, and if anything is to be inferred from the official version it certainly is not that Mr. Bigelow was the medium of the State Department, as was alleged. If he had been, he would not have felt called upon to explain away to Mr. Seward the representation of his language made by M. de L'huy to M. de Montholon, and afterwards published in the *Documents Diplomatiques*; and Mr. Seward would not have assured him that "it is hardly necessary to say that the misapprehensions which you have now corrected excited no particular uneasiness here." That Mr. Bigelow's discourse, whatever it was in substance, was the occasion of the French retreat from Mexico, proves nothing unless it can be shown to have furnished grounds for reproaching the United States with want of faith in not recognizing Maximilian.

A Cable despatch represents Mr. Goschen, President of the Poor Law Board, to have advocated in the House of Commons the removal of restrictions from emigration, and even the encouragement of pauper emigration to America. The pauper class in all countries has fur-

nished by far the greatest proportion of emigrants to the United States; but Mr. Goschen undoubtedly had in mind when he spoke, not what we might call foreign paupers, including the Irish, but those whose frightful increase at the East End of London has awakened the solicitude of the English people to a degree never known before. We have more than once adverted to the distressing facts which philanthropic enquiry has elicited in regard to the forced descent into the pauper ranks of families once respectable, whom a slight embarrassment has reduced, and who, sinking lower and lower, are deprived of every hope of rising again to self-support and to self-respect. It has been seriously contemplated to collect this class of the London poor in an organized scheme of emigration to this country; but those who have entered upon this task have experienced a lack of such explicit information as would supply the want of pioneering capacity—if we may so express it—in the poverty-stricken trades-people in question, and without which they could hardly be induced to come over, or would fare wretchedly if brought here. As they have never been trained to labor in any way, and least of all agriculturally, and have the national ignorance of geography, no directions could be too explicit for them, and no cares after they got here superfluous. If these were provided by the Government or by States, there would be little difficulty in procuring an extensive supply of a good quality of settlers for any given territory. A pamphlet, giving the necessary facts and instructions, would, in the case of people speaking our own language and thus protected from one great source of fraud, almost answer the purpose; but it should be backed by names of authority, and if possible by positive arrangements for the reception and transportation of new-comers under official guidance.

The rage of the French Imperialist press over the refusal of the Belgian Parliament to permit the surrender of the frontier lines of railroad to the control of French companies—which is the last Paris sensation—is another attempt to turn away the attention of the public from internal reform, but the Liberals are clearly aware of its real nature, and their papers are making head against it vigorously. Of course, there is more or less justification of it to be found both in the spectacle of Prussian aggrandizement in Germany, and the probably well-grounded belief in the working of Prussian influence in Belgium. The arguments in favor of the annexation of Belgium to France are fully as strong as those on which Prussia relies in defence of the annexation of Hanover; and on the now generally accepted theory of the nature and uses of nationalities, Belgium will undoubtedly one day be absorbed. In the meantime, however, the hostility of Belgium to annexation to France increases, while its intellectual and political sympathy for Germany increases also. The French have lost, to an extent which they cannot believe or understand, the character of political leaders on the Continent, and French political ideas hardly cross the frontier. The resistance of Belgium on the railroad question would be the simplest and most natural thing in the world, if Bismarck were not supposed to be at the bottom of it, and the defiant tone of his recent speeches of course gives color to the belief that he is at the bottom of it.

Russia is still making it a large part of her business to extinguish the Polish nationality. Scarcely had the Russian language been made obligatory as the sole medium of instruction in all public and private schools of the "Vistula Country," when a new enactment replaced the Gregorian calendar, which Catholic Poland was one of the first countries to adopt, by the imperfect Old Style calendar still used by the Russian Church and administration. A still more recent order prohibits the pupils of the Warsaw gymnasia from using their native tongue in their conversations. All these measures are applauded by the Philo-Slavic press of Moscow and St. Petersburg, which daily teems with denunciations of the "monstrous" oppressions practised—according to those organs—by the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish governments on their Slavic subjects. A new Philo-Slavic aid society, similar in its organization to that long established in Moscow, is now forming in Odessa, under the name of "Slavo-Servian Fraternity," the object of which is to give "moral and material" aid to South-Slavic revolutionary propagandas.

THE NEW CABINET.

THE general expectation with regard to Grant's Cabinet was that it would probably surprise nearly everybody, but that nobody but the regular politicians would be disagreeably disappointed by it. There is little question, however, that the first announcement of it did disappoint even his friends and admirers, and probably his friends and admirers rather more than his enemies. The firm front he had presented to the deputations urging the "claims" of States on the old-fashioned grounds, had no doubt somewhat prepared the politicians for his complete departure from the regular routine hitherto pursued in cabinet-choosing; but then it had also prepared his friends for an extraordinary display of sagacity in the work of selection—in fact, for the formation of an ideal cabinet. The appointment of Mr. Washburne to the State Department was, therefore, a somewhat severe shock to a great many people, because, although Mr. Washburne is a very able and useful man, his qualifications for the management of the foreign affairs of the Government, in which the duties of the department mainly consist, are, if they exist at all, entirely unknown to the general public. In fact, to state the case plainly, there is a general, and apparently well-founded, belief that Mr. Washburne knows nothing about foreign affairs, except what the general public knows from the newspapers, and that his installation in the State Department would be the commencement of his intimate acquaintance with the precedents and principles of international law; and as General Grant has never given any signs of adhesion to the doctrine that American citizenship is of itself sufficient to fit a man for the exercise of any craft or mystery under the sun, the appointment has somewhat troubled those who relied most on his skill in judging men's character with reference to official duties. The disappointment has been the greater because there is no lack of men in the Republican party, particularly if we leave the ranks of the regular politicians, who have the whole of the controversies now pending between this country and foreign governments, as well as the rules and precedents on which these controversies must be settled, at their fingers' ends. Mr. Washburne is, moreover, master of one subject—the ways and means to which the plunderers of the public treasury resort for the accomplishment of their ends, and those to which honest men must resort for their defeat. He has been for a good while, in the House, their most determined enemy, and has managed, consequently, to incur a more than usually large share of the detestation which, sooner or later, overtakes people who undertake to stand guard over objects of general desire. In the performance of this self-imposed task he has naturally acquired a vast amount of information which in the House or in the Treasury Department would be of immense value, but which in the Department of State will be completely wasted.

There are, however, one or two very strong reasons for not considering the appointment nearly so bad as it seems, and even for not considering it a permanent appointment at all. The Secretary of State is the member of the Cabinet who, partly from usage, and partly from the nature of his duties, stands in the closest personal relations to the President. There are a great many matters, in themselves of small importance, but in their relations and bearings of a good deal of importance, by which a new President is naturally a good deal puzzled, and on which he has to seek the counsel of a man in whose character, and experience, and judgment he has confidence. Everybody knows the extent to which Mr. Lincoln, in the early days of his administration, leaned on Mr. Seward, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that General Grant wants somebody who can, while he is getting firmly into his place, give him useful hints about the many strange men and strange things with which a new President has necessarily to deal in the early days of his term; but this service rendered, it is by no means unlikely that Mr. Washburne will make way for somebody possessing special acquaintance with the duties of his department. We say this on the supposition that his health is good enough to permit him to perform those duties himself. But we are assured that this is so far from being true, that the probabilities are that he will be compelled to leave Washington at once, and remain absent for some time. If this report be correct, it will confirm the belief which many have held from the outset, that his appointment was complimentary merely.

The selection of Mr. A. T. Stewart for the Treasury is neither so bad nor so good as it seems. He is a better choice than Mr. Boutwell would have been, and we compare these two gentlemen because the popular belief is that the place was first offered to the latter. Mr. Boutwell is doubtless as sound as possible on all the leading financial questions, and is not without administrative ability; but he has for the last four years displayed so many marked symptoms of chronic mental inflammation, and such unswerving fidelity to party—the last evidence of it being his open support on the stump of, the great apostle of repudiation, General Butler—as to lead the best judges in doubt whether he will ever be fit for any position in which a cool head is the first requisite, and scientific considerations the weightiest and most important. Of Mr. Boutwell's most marked defects no trace is to be found in Mr. Stewart. We doubt if any emotions on any subject have ever disturbed his mental equilibrium; and if the time has come for managing the finances of the country on a business rather than a sentimental basis, certainly few persons could be found for the work possessing the requisite coolness, and the requisite contempt for purely emotional views of great questions, in a higher degree. But then that which constitutes, in the eyes of many persons, and perhaps in General Grant's, his highest qualification—his business experience—is, we take leave to say, not necessarily a qualification at all, and may prove a hindrance. It is singular but true that no contribution of value has ever been made to the science of finance by a man engaged actively in trade. Indeed, considering the steady opposition or indifference which the work of financial reform has in all ages and countries experienced from merchants, it would seem as if there was something in daily contact with the details of commerce which made comprehensive views of the whole field of national economy, and the diligent pushing of economical principles to their remote conclusions, in most cases unusually difficult, in many cases impossible. The ideas which have, since 1789, revolutionized this field—as the friends of "practical education" ought to acknowledge oftener than they do—were produced by men of the closet, like Adam Smith, or men possessing only a theoretical knowledge of commercial processes, like Turgot. Some of the most determined friends of monopoly, of inequality, and of make-shifts have been organized merchants and manufacturers. It must be remembered that successful dealers in any commodity labor constantly under the strongest possible temptation to consider things from one point of view only, and that the low and selfish one. The fierceness of modern competition, in fact, especially in most retail trades, renders active selfishness almost necessary to success. A striking illustration of this is to be found in the experience the country has had, during the last few years, of the operations of combinations of traders and manufacturers of various branches with reference to the tariff, at Washington. That Mr. Stewart is not superior to these weaknesses is, of course, within the bounds of possibility.

On the other hand, it has to be borne in mind in judging of any man's qualifications for the Treasury Department, that the Secretary of the Treasury is not, in the proper sense of the word, a minister of finance like the Chancellor of the Exchequer in England. He is not the sole contriver of the national ways and means. He does not shape the financial policy of the country. In fact, the United States has no minister of finance. The nearest approach to such an officer is the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means; but he is, after all, only a faint approach to it. The work which is in Europe ordinarily performed by such an officer is here distributed amongst the Committee of Ways and Means and the whole of Congress. Congress does not feel under any obligation to accept the plan of the committee, either entirely or in its main features. It rejects or modifies it as it pleases, in whole or in part, and every individual member of either branch of Congress has no hesitation in inserting in it, if he can, any clause that happens to come into his head, or is suggested to him by any of his constituents. As to the Secretary of the Treasury, he may consider himself a lucky and much-honored man if any financial measure, when enacted, contains one of his recommendations or shows the smallest trace of his influence. Until, therefore, some great change comes over the Congressional way of looking at financial legislation, the head of the Treasury Department may be, without any

very mischievous results, what Mr. Stewart undoubtedly is—honest, painstaking, prompt, orderly, used to the correct management of a vast variety of details, and thorough master of the art of securing from numerous subordinates faithful and efficient service, and little used and doubtless little disposed to allow favor or friendship to interfere with the proper working of any machine of which he may have charge. He may prove a great deal more than this; but if he should prove simply this, the country will have reason to feel grateful to him. We did hope that General Grant would, if he departed from the beaten track, put in the Treasury a scientific economist, like Mr. Wells, who is thoroughly acquainted with the resources of the country and the working of the revenue laws. Had he done so, he would have given the public a lesson touching the value and claims of specialists which might have proved a powerful aid in the work of reform; but since he has not done this, we may be thankful that he has given us a successful business man, whose head contains no sentimental cobwebs, and who has never, as his life shows, been troubled with any hallucinations as to the meaning of the terms "debt" and "credit," "dollar," "promise to pay," and "payment." We say all this on the supposition that the objection to his appointment discovered at this late hour in the act of 1789 will not be deemed fatal, and that the Senate, while taking Mr. Sumner's very sensible advice not to change the law in a hurry, will finally change it. It is almost absurd in our day to exclude traders and merchants from the Treasury, as long as manufacturers and bankers are admitted to it. We presume no change ever likely to be made in the tariff produces any sensible impression on a large importer who makes his contracts in gold, and whose business is largely retail, while a great iron master, or other manufacturer, has the strongest possible interest in getting an occasional twenty per cent. duty suddenly clapped on by his appointment. It was, however, very natural for the people to ask why Mr. Stewart, if he wants to manage the finances of a great nation, could not qualify for it by retiring from the flourishing business in which he has already realized a large fortune, and passed the greater part of an unusually successful life.

Judge Hoar's selection for the Attorney-generalship is, however, the President's happiest stroke, and a very high compliment to the Massachusetts judiciary. Mr. Hoar is the only one of the appointees to whom nobody has any objection to make, and whose acceptance of the office everybody will consider a great national gain. He is an uncompromising anti-slavery man, who in the hottest of the fray never lost his head, and knows how to love and labor for his kind, without divesting himself of reason, judgment, and forethought, as if they were encumbrances. Governor Cox was at one time under a slight cloud, as other good men were, for overconfidence in Mr. Johnson's good intentions, and he had some notions which time seems to have proved false in regard to the warfare that would spring up between whites and negroes, unless the negroes should be deported, or put on "reserves" somewhere; but he brings to his work both ability, honesty, and good sense; and the Indian Ring has troublous times before it.

THE RAILROAD MANIA.

It is astonishing how little attention has heretofore been given by the public generally to the enormous increase going on in our railroad building. The cotton and grain speculation, the real estate speculation, the gold and stock speculation, have all had their share of comment, favorable or otherwise; but the railroad-building speculation, which in magnitude far surpasses all the others, seems to have almost entirely escaped scrutiny. In the twenty-five years, from 1836 to 1860, both inclusive, a little over 29,000 miles of railroad were built in the United States, or an average of 1,150 miles a year. This period of twenty-five years comprised the history of the greatest and steadiest progress in wealth, numbers, intelligence, and general prosperity that any people is known to have ever experienced. Whatever the future may have in store for us, it is highly probable that the great bulk of the American people will not for many years to come enjoy an equally long period of equal progress. Certain it is, that the years that have passed since have not by any means been years of equal or unqualified

national well-being. Yet, during that quarter of a century, on an average, 1,150 miles of new railroads were annually built, an exceedingly small proportion of which have ever paid steady dividends, many of which have never paid any dividend whatever, honestly earned; while others have had their entire stock capital, and in some instances even their mortgage capital, sunk and lost; and many continue only in existence as ill-paying adjuncts of larger lines, which for reasons of their own maintain in existence a number of starving institutions that are more of a curse than a benefit to the districts they traverse. No candid person acquainted with the facts will deny that the railroads built prior to 1860 were actually in excess of the wants of the community. In 1861 there was a general depression in railroad as in all other interests; but from 1861 to 1865 the earnings of many of the roads increased very greatly, owing to the extraordinary movement of men and materials consequent upon the war, and the general stimulus given to business and travel everywhere by the enormous government expenditures. The high prices of labor and of material of every description, and especially the many opportunities for profitable investment offered to capital and credit elsewhere, prevented, however, immediate resumption of building, which might have been fairly anticipated from the improved earnings and prospects of existing lines; and hence in the five years, from 1861 to 1865, only 4,550 miles were constructed, an average of 910 miles a year. But the following years witnessed a new and extraordinary increase in the number of miles constructed: 1,832 miles in 1866, 2,227 in 1867, over 2,500 miles in 1868, while for the current year the number of miles projected is altogether fabulous, and if only a small proportion is actually built will far exceed that of any year yet named. Six or eight lines are projected to cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as many more to connect the great Northern Lake basin with the Gulf of Mexico, and lines innumerable, of greater or lesser length, within the limits of every State of the Union. Are these lines really required? Is there traffic for them all? Can the people afford to build them?

It is almost impossible to tell what the nation's requirements in the matter really are. The traffic on existing roads has unquestionably increased enormously during the last ten years—has increased in a ratio far exceeding that of the increase of population. There seems to be scarcely any limit to the new traffic that railroads can create when they open up new districts of an inviting character to trade and settlement. There is no doubt that many lines, heretofore unprofitable, can be rendered productive by improved management, and that a generally improved system will admit of railroads running at a profit through sections that under the present system could not support a line of horse-cars. All these circumstances would seem to point to the probability of there still being room for a large increase in our roads. But there are other and more striking facts which point in a precisely opposite direction. At the close of the year 1868 the public was furnished with the usual compilations of railroad statistics, all of which showed eminently encouraging results. The comparison of the earnings of the leading fourteen Western roads for 1867 and 1868 was extensively copied and widely commented upon. It showed that the earnings of these fourteen roads had increased from \$65,400,000, in 1867, to \$70,000,000, in 1868, an increase of over seven per cent. in one year. But when we came to examine the facts carefully we found that the number of miles had likewise increased from 7,047 to 7,300, or nearly four per cent., showing that the real increase of the earnings of these fourteen roads was but a trifle over three per cent. Of this three per cent. increase in the total earnings, one single road had earned nearly ninety per cent., so that the other thirteen lines had virtually had no increase of traffic whatever. Compared with the high average rate of increase of the last years, this nominal increase of last year should be looked upon as an indication of decline. But even with this nominal increase of traffic the dividends of the roads have not materially increased. The opening of the present year has been characterized by a severe competition between leading lines to the West, and a decided lowering of freights (long since foretold by the *Nation*), which is the best evidence of their being insufficiently employed. The great roads connecting with the Pennsylvania coal-fields are likewise promising a reduction of freights, which is certainly not

a voluntary concession. The repeated "waterings" of stock of prominent companies, and the declaration of dividends in stock and scrip and the like, in place of cash, do not warrant the belief that their genuine surplus earnings are very large. On the whole, there seems to be fully as many indications of diminishing as of increasing prosperity. There certainly are no such striking examples of general profitability as would lead to railroad building as a tempting investment. In truth, no one looks upon a new railroad enterprise as in any sense an investment. A prudent capitalist would scarcely dream of putting money into such an undertaking, except to a very moderate extent, and then more by way of speculation than of actual investment. But, if new railroad lines are not generally profitable, if capitalists do not consider them safe investments, who builds the new roads and where does the money come from?

Unsophisticated people imagine that when a new railroad company is started the stock is subscribed and the cash paid in and the building of the road begun; that, if the cash subscribed does not suffice for the completion of the road, then the finished portion is mortgaged for money enough to build the remainder, and in that way the road is completed. Undoubtedly in the early days of railroad building that was the course pursued. Undoubtedly, even in these degenerate days, some extremely desirable bits of road are occasionally constructed in that way by extremely conservative New England capitalists, who reap honor and profit from their sharp, close, honest, intelligent management. But of the great bulk of the roads now building so far is this from being the case that it is safe to say that not one road out of a hundred is constructed in the antiquated fashion described. The modern practice is entirely different; in fact, is the reverse. The stock is indeed subscribed, or at least as much of it as the law imperatively demands. But only a very small, nominal cash payment is ever made, which generally barely suffices to meet the expenses of obtaining a charter and perfecting the preliminary organization. Suppose a road is projected requiring five millions of dollars to build it; a charter is obtained for a company with a capital of five millions of dollars. Of this capital one half a million is subscribed by the original projectors, but the subscription is only nominally paid, and if really paid, is almost immediately returned to the subscribers under pretence of being payment for legislative and other expenses, for surveying, for obtaining the right of way, and other matters which do not or have not cost one-twentieth of the amount claimed. In this way a dozen gentlemen of some little influence in "legislative circles," but generally of very little influence anywhere else, find themselves possessed at very slight expense of a charter to build a railroad between two given points, and of half a million of dollars of stock of a new company. Neither of these things have in themselves any mercantile value; they are made valuable in the following manner: The twelve gentlemen referred to select from among the names of leading New York merchants, bankers, brokers, lawyers, and railroad contractors, half-a-dozen or as many more as may be required to give character and responsibility to the enterprise. These merchants and bankers and brokers see that they are invited to co-operate with men of their own standing; one or other among the names selected, though perhaps of high character and excellent credit, is just a little more accessible than the rest; through good-natured inability to refuse, through vanity, through greed, through carelessness, often, very often, through honest conviction, one is the first to permit the use of his name, a second and a third are gradually won over, and with a little good management some of the best men in the city are often induced to lend their names to an enterprise that they really know little or nothing of. It is done very carelessly sometimes, with criminal carelessness occasionally, but generally honestly enough, although of course the service is not rendered gratuitously. One of the new directors of high standing expects to have his brother-in-law made president of the road, another will be the banker and treasurer of the concern, a third expects to sell their securities, the fourth to furnish the iron, a fifth to contract for the building of the road, and a sixth (most ambitious of all in these days of railroad litigation) will be the company's legal adviser; while each one, at the time of giving his consent to serve as a director, *permitted* ten or twenty or thirty thousand dollars of the company's stock to be transferred to him by the original

subscribers, on payment, of course, of a merely nominal sum. When the original projectors have arrived at this point without losing the control of their road—which very often happens, for the men whose names stand high financially are *very* shrewd—the game is pretty safe. At this stage of the proceedings it is generally found desirable, if there is no land-grant from Congress or the State, to acquire property of some kind, coal-mines, timber-lands, a ferry-slip, or grounds for depots or warehouses. This is generally some property which would have no value whatsoever without the new road, but would become highly valuable on the road's being built, so that the owner can afford to give away one half to aid in the construction of the line. But of course it is not *given away*; on the contrary, it is sold for a large sum of money, nominally cash, in reality the company's stock. The company now comes before the public. The real estate of the company, its franchises, road-bed, tracks, buildings, constructed or to be constructed, are immediately mortgaged for a large amount, and first-mortgage bonds issued for it. A rolling-mill in Pennsylvania contracts to furnish the iron at a usurious price payable in bonds, a railroad builder contracts to build the road-bed for fifty miles at a usurious price payable in bonds, and as soon as a reasonable show is made of building the road the company's banker or broker publishes a glowing account of the company's affairs, offers for sale the first-mortgage bonds secured by a pledge of the company's lands, twenty-five miles of track laid, etc., etc., and the public buys the bonds, and the road goes on building; and if its credit and reputation are good, the original projectors after a while find that they can get quite a good price for the three or four hundred thousand dollars of the company's stock which they hold and which cost them little or nothing. In this way, or some similar way, the original projectors find an ample reward for their labors. It is this reward that induces men to persevere in procuring fresh charters for fresh roads, and in getting them actually built, without much regard to the question of their ultimate profitability. It is the innocent public that furnishes the money, in the belief that when they buy a railroad first-mortgage bond they buy a bond secured on some existing property which is about to be further improved and rendered more valuable by the judicious expenditure of the money paid to the company for its bond. It is just here where the deception begins—or can it be fairly called deception when a credulous public all but insists upon being deceived?

The railroad contractor and the iron manufacturer agree to do certain work for the company, to furnish them with certain rails and machinery, and to take their payment wholly or partly in first-mortgage bonds. They would do the same work or furnish the same iron for fifteen or twenty per cent. less, if paid in cash. The one hundred dollar bond which they receive in payment they expect to sell for, say, eighty dollars. But they are not certain of getting eighty dollars for it; they may have to sell it for seventy, they may find it totally unsalable. Even if it sells for eighty dollars, it may require considerable time to realize it, and will involve the payment of one or two bankers' or brokers' commissions. Neither the contractor nor the mill-owner can, therefore, afford to furnish eighty dollars' worth of work or of iron for a one hundred dollar bond; on the contrary, they cannot, and do not pretend to, give more than sixty dollars' worth. Now, by what is that one hundred dollar first-mortgage bond secured? It is secured by a first mortgage on what? Upon some worthless land, a valueless charter, and sixty dollars' worth of contractor's work or mill-owner's rails. And every fresh one hundred dollar bond is secured by the same worthless land and valueless charter, and by further sixty dollars' worth of work or iron. In other words, each one hundred dollar bond is secured by a pledge of about sixty dollars' worth of property, which frequently is not even yet in existence at the time the bond is sold, which will only be created with the money—if honestly applied—which the unsophisticated investor pays for his valuable security.

If a capitalist were asked to lend a house-builder ten thousand dollars, so that he might buy a lot for two thousand dollars and put up a five-thousand dollar house on it, and the builder were then to offer the capitalist a mortgage upon the whole as security for the loan of the ten thousand dollars, the capitalist would consider the builder a knave or a fool. But when a railroad company does precisely the

same thing it seems to be considered a perfectly just and proper transaction, and there never seem to be wanting people who will advance money to railroad companies on precisely that basis; in other words, who will buy the bonds of new railroad companies, secured by a mortgage on the property which may *perhaps* be bought with two-thirds of the money that they pay for the bond. Of course as long as the company can go on borrowing or selling fresh mortgage bonds, it is the easiest thing in the world for them to pay the semi-annual interest with the utmost regularity and thus lull the holder of the bond into a deceptive security. But a time must come when the road will be finished, when no fresh borrowing can take place; and if by that time the road has not proved a triumphant success, a very profitable enterprise, the interest may not be forthcoming. If then the holder of the bond relies upon the property mortgaged to him, he will be apt to discover how little it is really worth.

Nothing, in fact, can be more absurd than the whole modern theory of building railroads "on mortgage bonds." It is a delusion and a snare. Years ago the first subscribers to the stock of a new railroad company, who paid in their cash, one hundred cents on the dollar, very generally found their whole cash subscription sunk. But after thus sinking a large amount of money, there was generally a good deal of property on hand, which could be made very valuable by the expenditure of additional money. That additional money was obtained by mortgaging the property actually on hand, and the bond issued against such a mortgage might be and was good and safe enough. In this way the public has become accustomed to the idea that railway *stocks* are dangerous, but railway *mortgage bonds* are perfectly safe. It is upon this idea that most of the new railroad enterprises of the country are based. It is this idea that makes possible the construction of mile after mile of new railroad that will never pay running expenses. But it must be evident that there is not the slightest resemblance between the railroad bond that many investors have in their mind's eye and the bond that they have in their safe. Some day the difference will be very patent to them, and then they will discover, as English investors discovered in 1866, that in railroad enterprises it matters very little what name is given to the security you hold, whether it be called stock or debentures, shares or mortgage bonds, they are all alike valueless if the property does not pay expenses or is not honestly managed. That is a matter, however, for individual investors to look to. The fact that we desire to establish is, that the system of raising the first money for building new railroad lines by means of mortgages upon imaginary property is a deceptive and dangerous one, and induces the public to furnish money for enterprises which could not get their support if rightly understood, and that it thus facilitates the construction of unnecessary and unprofitable lines of roads, to the great detriment of our national prosperity.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, February 19, 1869.

THE chief news of this morning is the rejection by the Senate of the convention negotiated by Mr. Reverdy Johnson. The *Times* alone contained this intelligence, and even anticipated the other newspapers so far that it was able to insert a leading article, as well as a telegram from its correspondent. Hence the only remarks upon the news are those made by the *Times*, and I do not know that there is much in them to which I need draw your attention. The convention had been sharply criticised already on the ground that it was too vague as to the subjects proposed for deliberation, and especially left it open to the United States to call us to account for the recognition of the belligerent rights of the South; or at least to adduce that recognition as evidence of our *animus* in the matter. This view differs, as I need hardly say, from that which led to the rejection of the convention; and perhaps does not tend to improve the prospects of an agreement. However, it consoles the *Times* for the disappointment, for which I think every one was pretty well prepared. This is not the place to argue the propriety of the step taken by the Senate, although I confess that I regret anything which tends to keep such questions open; nor can I as yet make any report as to the effect produced in England. I therefore take to matters of more domestic interest.

Parliament has met; and, if I may use the language of prize-fighters, the rival champions have stepped into the ring and shaken hands, but have

not yet planted a single blow or drawn first blood. A meeting held a few days before was more significant as to the promise of the session. The Company of Fishmongers held a grand feast, at which the chief ministers were present. Mr. Gladstone had to declare that the proudest day of his life was that in which he had been made a Fishmonger, and Mr. Lowe and Mr. Bright were provided with proper occasions for oratory. The result was curiously characteristic. Mr. Gladstone adopted his usual tone of high moral principle, and declared in emphatic terms that the ministry were about to discharge their duty and to annihilate the Irish Church. Mr. Lowe looked on with something of a sneer, and spoke in his usual tone of rather cynical chaff, explaining how every one was for economy in the abstract, and nobody liked it when it came to cutting down any particular item of expenditure. Mr. Bright, as I hear from those present (for I am not a fishmonger, nor have I even the honor of being a frequent guest of the Guild), made one of the most unfortunate speeches which has ever fallen from the lips of that great orator. He seemed to be anxious to apologize for his position in the ministry, spoke in disparaging terms of the previous career of his colleagues, and expressed his intention, which sounded like a threat, of bringing them frequently to the bar of public opinion. Then he turned upon the bishops, some of whom had unluckily been attending a Fishmonger's feast a few days before and making some rather foolish little speeches of the facetious kind. He rent and gored them to his heart's content, remarking pleasantly that they subsisted on the generosity and credulity of the public, and then sat down amidst a rather ominous absence of applause. The feeling amongst his brother ministers was apparently what might have been produced in a party of missionaries who had invited a converted savage to dine with them, if after the meal he had raised a war-whoop and explained that his cannibal propensities were only in abeyance, and that he might at any moment resume the tomahawk, and cast off the dress-coat of ordinary life. The impression on the general public was that the ministry resemble nothing less than a happy family, if on the first occasion of dining together in public they thus take every opportunity of dancing on each other's favorite corns. To say the truth, it is difficult to distinguish the bond of amity which holds together men of such distinct proclivities. The Irish Church will be the first object of attack; but if they once dispose satisfactorily of that abuse, it is hard to see how they are to be kept in hand.

The Queen's speech is like most Queen's speeches, a very insignificant document, and as Mr. Gladstone explained, is intended to set forth only those matters upon which there is a fair prospect of legislation. Besides that all-absorbing question of the Irish Church, it seems that Government mean to undertake the following matters: They will investigate the system of elections, municipal and parliamentary; they will patch up certain defects in the laws of rating; they will introduce a measure about bankruptcy (a promise which is becoming a regular formula in all Queen's speeches), and they will, perhaps, do something about primary education in Scotland and about secondary education in England. The programme is not very extensive, and probably some of these matters will drop out of sight long before the weary series of debates has been brought to an end. To say the truth, the whole energy of Government will be used up upon two points: one, the Irish Church—a question which becomes more perplexed and troublesome the more it is examined; and the other, an attempt to economize in the different branches of national expenditure. The new ministers are hard at work cutting off odds and ends, limiting the number of postage-stamps in one department, directing the number of times in which quill-pens are to be mended in others, and generally pinching, scraping, and cheeseparing with extreme energy. It is a process in which one has not much faith, and resembles rather too strongly the spasmodic desire for saving which sometimes leads a private person to save a half-crown a week in cabs and on the strength of it to spend a hundred pounds more in house-rent. A great deal might be done by a reorganization of many departments which might definitely increase their efficiency; but the attempt to introduce parsimony as a permanent principle in the public service is certain to be of transient service. I fear that much good energy is likely to be wasted on details, and that we may at best see a session wasted in destroying the Irish Church without bringing about any of the substantial reforms so urgently required.

The most interesting of the election petitions, that against Mr. Smith, who succeeded in ousting Mr. Mill, has just been decided. Mr. Smith is a man of whom even his opponents speak with respect. He is the greatest news-agent in England, supplying all the railway bookstalls, and is a man of considerable fortune. He stood against Mr. Mill three years ago unsuccessfully; but the recent elections succeeded, as you are aware, in turning him out. The trial, which is just concluded, explains to some extent the nature of a metropolitan election. Against Mr. Smith personally there was no impu-

tation, or merely this, that he meant to take advantage of his great wealth. He spent about £9,000 in all, and doubtless meant to spend it within the law. Great sums, of course, went in printing, in committee-rooms, in hiring agents and clerks, and in paying canvassers. The particular part, however, which went hardest with him was as follows: Mr. Smith had a warm supporter in Mr. Grimston, another honorable man. Mr. Grimston had an humble acquaintance named Edwards. Mr. Edwards had been a professional briber in the good old days when bribery was an established practice, but had exercised his profession so unskillfully as to have been imprisoned by the House of Commons for a few weeks in consequence of certain transactions at St. Albans, where he confessed to having spent £18,000 in a few years. Mr. Grimston took this gentleman to help him at Westminster. Here Mr. Edwards employed various persons whose respectability was not so plain at this end of the chain. The most dangerous case was one in which he had paid voters small sums, of not more than £1 per week, to exhibit placards; the question was whether these payments were *bond fide*, or were intended to influence the votes of the recipients. That neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. Grimston knew anything of them was granted on all sides; but this innocence was more doubtful as to Mr. Edwards, and not at all doubtful as to certain lower agents. It was at length decided that, although bribes had been given, they were not given by any agent of Mr. Smith, and that, although Mr. Smith's agents had in other cases done some very questionable actions, they had not done them with corrupt motives; and thus Mr. Smith escaped, though, as it were, by the skin of his teeth.

It results, I think, from this and other enquiries, that the judges are a more satisfactory tribunal than the House of Commons committees; yet it also results that a man may spend £9,000 on a single election, and yet keep himself to windward of the law. It was generally said, and with some truth, that the increase of constituencies would put direct bribery beyond the means of any but gigantic fortunes; yet it is also true that the small voters who have now received the franchise are open to such small inducements as a few shillings for four or five weeks; and if these inducements are skilfully administered the detection is by no means easy. It is true that a man is responsible for the acts of his agents, but it is very difficult to define exactly in what cases and to what extent a man is to be considered as an agent. If, like Mr. Smith, the candidate is a man who wishes to be strictly legal and yet wishes to take advantage of his wealth in all legal methods, he has great opportunities of doing so. Direct corruption is probably on the decline, and we must congratulate ourselves on that result without expecting to deprive wealth of many of its more or less doubtful modes of influence.

The trial which I mentioned in my last, as to the persecution of a nun in a convent, still drags its slow length along, and every one is wearied of the whole concern. It has, I believe, become evident that if she was subject to a deal of petty persecution, she was also what is called in the vernacular a very "aggravating" young woman. But the really definite result is to impress the outside public with the extreme pettiness of lady life in a convent, and to make it ridiculous rather than either hopeful or admirable. The trial will probably last a week longer, and before that time we may hope for a parliamentary dispute or two sufficient to eclipse it in interest.

Correspondence.

THE RECORDER'S LATE DECISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

IN two paragraphs of "The Week," in your issue of February 25, you treat of a subject so important to every woman in the country that it seems incredible that all men have not before this time come to look upon it as we do. Perhaps the true explanation of the difference which exists is to be found in the fact that in such cases, while men are always the aggressors and women the sufferers, the laws which declare the punishment of that atrocious crime are made by the former only. You may be sure that, had women had a voice in the making of the laws, the wretch who committed the outrage in question would never have been sentenced to imprisonment, nor have had his sentence suspended because he consented to desecrate a holy ceremony by going through the form of marriage with his victim. Every such criminal would be punished so surely by death that we should soon cease to have our hearts wrung by such stories as the one you have commented on. The wonder, the shameful wonder, is that while the law-making men are husbands, fathers, and brothers, they have no more sense of the hideous character of this crime than to permit the possibility of such a thing, and thus to render the country which they govern more and more unsafe for their wives, their daughters, and their

sisters. Such being the case, however, it is the duty of every man worthy of the name, for the sake and for the safety of those who are near and dear to him, and who ought, under our present social arrangement, to be able to look to him as a protector, to see to it that such inadequate laws as we now have shall be enforced to their utmost penalty.

If the records of our courts and of our daily papers did not show the frequent occurrence of such tragedies as that which occasioned your paragraph, the question you put to the leaders of the woman's rights movement would be much more pertinent. It is difficult to imagine, however, how women could be any more exposed to such outrages than they are now, even if they did have the right of suffrage and the poor privilege of earning their bread in the manner most suited to their faculties, with only their natural disadvantages to contend against; and they certainly would be better able to protect themselves.

A WOMAN.

FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

[We fear a "Woman's" announcement of the fate that awaits the perpetrators of a certain class of offences when women get into the legislature will not tend to hasten their getting there. It is just the readiness expressed in this note to look at things from a purely feminine point of view that makes a great many men so much opposed to having women meddle with legislation. If, as we have often remarked, what they will bring into politics is simply feminine intensity of feeling, the longer they can be kept out of politics the better. The proper punishment for such offences as that of which our correspondent speaks is the one which will most effectively diminish them, and not that which, as it seems to the female heart, the wretches who commit them deserve. What is the most effective punishment is to be got at by human reason and human experience, and not by sympathy. The facility with which false charges of criminal assault on women can be made and sustained is of itself a sufficient reason why the punishment of death should not be inflicted for such offences. Its enforcement would place any man in the community at the mercy of any pair of female conspirators who wanted to get rid of him. In cases of murder you have to produce a *corpus delicti*—that is, somebody has to lose his life before anybody else can be hanged for taking it; but in the trial of offences against modesty, as the French jurists call them, the proof has to consist mainly of the oath of one person, or of circumstantial evidence which it is always in her power to prepare beforehand. We called the attention of the leaders of the women's rights agitation to the incident, because we think they are doing some mischief by exciting extravagant expectations as to the effect on woman's condition both of the possession of the suffrage and admission to the various professions. There are peculiarities in woman, of which they make no account whatever in painting her possible future, which must, it seems to us, no matter what legal rights she may enjoy, prevent her competing with men on equal terms in most walks of life; and no lasting improvement can be made in her condition by any agitation in which these peculiarities are passed over or made light of. We do not believe in the efficacy, in a democracy, of the ostrich treatment of any question.—ED. NATION.]

TRANSFORMATION OF NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR:—Have you patience to add another to the list of places in New England which are misnamed and misunderstood?

When New England was a wilderness, the Indian tribes which inhabited the northern and eastern part went under the general name of Abenakis or Wabenakis. Of these the Norridgewock tribe or clan was the most important, and was ruled by a hereditary chieftain called a Bashaba, whose family name was Bomoseen. These Indians and their Bashaba migrated about New England more or less, and left behind them the evidences of their residences in local names. Thus, on the Kennebec River at Norridgewock, there are some falls or rapids called by the inhabitants the "Bombazine ripe," and in Vermont a beautiful lake in Castleton, nine miles long and three miles wide, is called "Lake Bombazine." For a long time this name was a puzzle, because it was obviously a misnomer. Plainly, some Yankee trader, familiar with the article of dry goods called bombazine, had substituted that name for the Indian or local name resembling it

in sound. Whittier's "Mog Megone" let in light upon the question, as he refers in the poem and the notes to Bomoseen, Bashaba of the Norridgewocks. Further enquiry brought to light some old Indian treaties signed by Bomoseen with his name and totem. Here we see the true name, euphonious and significant, instead of the unmeaning, prosaic, and ill-sounding *Bombazine*.

Names become so firmly fixed that when they are wrong it is almost hopeless to try to change them, though something could be done if the inhabitants of the misnamed localities would try to correct them in their maps and conversation. One of the *Bombazines* is in a fair way to be obliterated. A new map of Rutland County, Vt., has been published this winter by Beers, Ellis & Soule, New York, in which the lake is rebaptized—as the old chief signed the treaties—"Bomoseen." If the Kennebeckers will take a little care when a new map is made of their county, "Bombazine rips" and the home of the Bashaba will be no longer desecrated by his misspelled name.

MARCH 6, 1869.

VERMONT.

Notes.

LITERARY.

WE have not mentioned, we believe, that Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. will reprint, in a two-volume octavo edition, Professor Max Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop." The reprint will be made from the second and revised English edition, and will have a copious index. The connection of the study of language with the history and origin and probable destiny of our race is obviously so close, and questions about man's origin and destiny now occupy so many minds, that there is, perhaps, no branch of learning so abstruse which can be called so generally popular as linguistics. It can hardly be said to have succeeded to the place in popular estimation and interest which not long since was held by geology, when that study, with the help of the religious press, took the reading public by storm; for there are one or two other branches of research—as, for instance, physiological psychology, or psychological physiology, and the physical studies of Tyndall and his fellows—which are on a level with it as regards the attention they respectively attract. But the yearly number of the books and of the readers who study them must be steadily increasing. We have just mentioned Müller's book, which seeks to find in language the support the author wants for his "Science of Religion." That is more than twelve months old; but we might mention a score of books relating to linguistics which within the twelvemonth have appeared in England, Germany, and America. A forthcoming philological work which will be issued in the United States, by Mr. L. W. Schmidt, is a translation, by Mr. T. Davidson, of St. Louis, of a thin pamphlet of seventy-two pages, "On the Origin of Language," by W. H. J. Bleek, the curator of Sir G. Grey's library at Capetown, C. G. H. The German edition, edited by Dr. Ernst Haeckel, of Jena, who wrote a preface for it, is now about six or eight months old.—Messrs. Oakley & Mason announce "A Phonographic Reader," by Mr. J. E. Munson, and "The Trapper's Guide," by Mr. G. Newhouse.—Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger announce, or have just published, "Mistress Margery: A Tale of the Lollards," by Margaret Holt; "Queer Discourses on Queer Proverbs," by "Old Merry;" "A Pilgrim's Progress" in extremely large type (double pica); "Whispers to a Bride, and Christian Households," by Mrs. Lincoln Phelps; a "Memoir of Bishop Burgess," of Maine; "Fox's Book of Martyrs," with fifteen illustrations, edited, or rather supplied with a preface, by the Hon. and Right Rev. Samuel Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle; a new edition of a decidedly poor book—"Vulgarisms and Other Errors of Speech," and two or three other books which are either technical in character or "juveniles."—The Presbyterian Publication Committee will publish "The Lost Father," by the author of "The Chinaman in California," a pleasant and good book for children; "A Tennessean in Persia"—a work which has the far less attractive second title of "Scenes in the Life of the Rev. Samuel Rhea"—and several books for Sunday-schools by Mrs. Julia McNair Wright.—Messrs. Warren & Blakeslee, of Boston, announce a work by Mary Barrett, with the title "The Story of William the Silent and the Netherland War"—a title which seems to need amendment in the second part.—Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., who are keeping on with their series of pamphlet sermons by Mr. Beecher, announce "The American Woman's Home; or, Principles of Domestic Science," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe and her sister, Miss C. E. Beecher; and Mr. R. W. Raymond's "United States Mining Commissioner's Report."—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. will republish in this country,

or, rather, will put on the market in this country, a uniform edition, illustrated, of all Mr. Charles Reade's novels. The volumes, ten in number, are to be of duodecimo size, bound in cloth, and of the price of two dollars. The same house announce "Königsmark, the Legend of the Hounds, and Other Poems," by Mr. Boker; an edition, complete in one volume, of Mr. Baring-Gould's "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages;" "A Home for the Homeless," by Mr. Horace Field; a translation by the well-known Ritualist, Mr. Orby Shipley, of "Preparation for Death," the work of Alphonso, Bishop of Saint Agatha; "Force and Nature, Attraction and Repulsion; or, the Radical Principles of Energy graphically Discussed in their Relations to Physical and Morphological Development," by Dr. Charles Frederick Winslow; "Don Quixote," "Milton," "Pope," "Cowper," "Crabbe," "Wordsworth," "Campbell," and "Coleridge," in the Globe Edition; "Lost in Paris, and Other Tales," by Mr. Edwin Hodder; "Vignettes of American History," illustrated, by Mary Howitt; Dr. Lyman Coleman's "Manual of Prelacy and Ritualism; or, The Apostolical and Primitive Church, Popular in its Government and Simple and Informal in its Style;" "The Christian Worker: A Call to the Laity," by the Rev. Mr. F. C. Beach, and "Cottage Piety Exemplified."—Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. will publish not only Mr. Stedman's new book of poems, but also new editions of his "Poems, Lyric and Idyllic," and "Alice of Monmouth, an Idyl of the Great War, and Other Poems." Besides books previously mentioned by us, the same firm have in press, for publication in the months of April and May, the Rev. Mr. W. H. H. Murray's "Vacation Adventures; or, Camp Life in the Adirondacks;" Mr. Higginson's "Malbone;" Miss E. S. Phelps's "Men, Women, and Ghosts," and a revised edition of Mr. Parton's "Life of Horace Greeley," to which additions have been made that bring it down to the present time.—A work which is not to be considered as merely a school-book, is Professor Gray's "School and Field Book of Botany." It is published by Messrs. Ivison, Phinney & Blakeman.—We have received the first number of the *Phonographic Advocate*, a little monthly publication, edited by Mr. James E. Munson, who proposes to send it to subscribers for a dollar a year, and to press upon their attention, and that of the public generally, "the great advantages that would be derived from the general introduction and employment of phonographic writing;" to show how it may be used by all, especially by professional and business men; to urge its claims to a place in our system of common school education; to answer the objections of such as oppose this introduction, and to give hints for the guidance of teachers and learners.—Messrs. George Routledge & Sons announce that they also, as well as Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, have in press "Swiss Family Robinson," in words of one syllable, and Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home." Their author or adapter is Miss Mary Godolphin, who invented—the publishers say—the monosyllabic literature in her monosyllabic "Robinson Crusoe." The volumes are to have colored plates—chromos, we believe. The same house announce a good cheap edition, bound in half roan, with gilt tops, of the works of Fielding and of Smollett. By the term "complete works" it is not meant, we suppose, to promise Smollett's History.—Messrs. Appleton & Co. announce the "Théâtre Complet de Jean Racine," edited and annotated by M. Auger; "Hereditary Genius," by Francis Galton; "The Brain and the Mind," by Dr. Thomas Laycock, and, in paper, "The Principles of Psychology, Part I.—Data of Psychology," by Mr. Herbert Spencer.

—Very convenient to journalists, and far from being useless to others, are such collections of brief biographies of contemporaries as go under the head of "Men of the Time." Such books have also the further value of gathering and handing over to posterity authentic information collected on the spot, and often from the subject of the memoir himself, or his friends, in regard to his birthplace, his descent, his residences at various times, and a thousand similar matters that are often the despair of biographers. Facts, such works should give, and not opinions, critical or otherwise, and that is what most of them aim at doing. We are glad to be able to announce that the field which America presents for a dictionary of contemporary biography—now but very partially occupied by Congressional dictionaries and similar books—is to be occupied as fully as may be by a work which is being prepared by Mr. Markinsfield Addey, of this city, assisted in each department by writers especially conversant with it. It is expected that "Eminent Living Americans" will contain the lives of about two thousand people, a number which leads one to wish that Mr. Addey would select some other title for his book; it is not probable that we have any more "eminent Americans" than we had thirty years ago, when Mr. Jefferson Brick and his compeers flourished, nor so many; but Mr. Addey makes them about as numerous. To the number of "men of the time," or "noted contemporary Americans," there need be no limit. "The church" is to be one of Mr. Addey's departments, and the persons treated of under

that heading are to be "archbishops and bishops of the Roman Catholic Church; bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church; bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church; presidents of and professors in theological institutions and popular pulpit orators." There is a danger, apparently, of the compiler's being a little too mindful of dignities. The other departments are devoted to men "in political life;" "in the army and navy;" "in the law;" "in literature, science, and art;" and "in the commercial world." This is an enterprise on which everybody will look favorably. It is a pity that the necessity for compression in books of this sort is so imperative that a little essay on each one of the departments could not be prefixed to an edition for foreign circulation. By way of briefly exemplifying our meaning: such an essay relating to "men in political life" would save foreign journals so well-informed as the *Pall Mall Gazette* from speaking of a member of the Senate as "Representative" So-and-so; and such a periodical as the *Augsburg Ausland* from imagining Mr. Pendleton a Radical Republican.

—The poem entitled "Snow-drops in Italy," which was printed in the *Nation* of February 25, and which has since been credited to Miss Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is the work of Mrs. Helen Hunt, now in Rome.

—The example set by the graduates of Harvard in attempting to raise a fund for the relief of the college, and the disclosures of the poverty of the library in Gore Hall, have moved some of the under-graduates of Yale to urge on the attention of the alumni the condition of the college libraries at New Haven. If we take the account given by the *Yale Literary Magazine*, matters seem to be no worse at Cambridge than at the sister university. Including the libraries of the "Linonia" and the "Brothers"—two societies in which are enrolled most of the under-graduates—the libraries of all the professional schools and that of the college proper, the total number of books and pamphlets collected at Yale is 105,000. Twenty thousand of this number of titles are pamphlets. It is stated that The Library—by which term is doubtless meant the college library proper—is in debt \$3,200, which sum represents the income of nearly two years; and out of the \$1,700 of annual income all binding must be paid for and all purchases made. The debt being what it is, of course purchasing is nearly at a standstill, and for some time has been. The librarians have not even had such help in bearing their burdens as Mr. Gray's annual donation for five years of \$5,000—by which piece of genuine benevolence the Harvard income, quite as scanty as that of Yale, was most notably increased. It is now proposed that there shall be raised by the Yale alumni, as soon as may be, the sum of \$100,000, the interest of which shall be wholly devoted to the service of the library; and every lover of learning will hope that steps may at once be taken to carry the project into effect. A college without a library may have pupils, but can hardly have, and almost surely will not make, students; indeed, it need not hope to have pupils very long. As an encouragement to the rest of the alumni, we may mention that one of their number, a graduate of the class of 1848, has given to the library a sum of money to be used for increasing, arranging, and binding the collection of handbills, pamphlets, and papers illustrative of the recent war. The authorities solicit contributions to this collection, and do not care what is sent them; even when a duplicate file of newspapers, say, or a seemingly common and worthless pamphlet is sent, they find themselves frequently able to make it serviceable by bartering it with some collector who has what they want and happens not to have what they are willing to part with.

—M. Languellier, with the aid of Mr. Christern as his publisher, is undertaking a rather novel enterprise, which will have, we fancy, a certain vogue. In a neat pamphlet form he reproduces the *Spectator* of Addison and Steele, translated into French, with the original text on the same page below, and with original and selected notes. We are left to guess the motive of this publication, but shall probably be not far wrong in thinking it designed as an aid in learning to compose in French. Such it may fairly claim to be without pretending that the style of the version is as good as that of the original: that it be good is enough. A hasty examination of the former shows that it is free in places where it should be accurate, and where the shades of meaning are of the first consequence. But any student who should try without help to turn the English into French would probably find M. Languellier's translation of decided use to him for correction. A singular competitor in this sort of pedagogy is "The New Idea," alias "L'Ideé Nouvelle," which is a weekly newspaper of the usual size, edited by a French Canadian, at Burlington, Vermont, with the principal object of revolutionizing the Government of the New Dominion, and

exchanging colonial dependence for republican independence. As a means of teaching the French idiom to Americans, and the English idiom to Frenchmen, everything in the paper, to the smallest item, and even the advertisements, is printed both in French and English in parallel columns. We will only say of the result that we warn the Frenchmen not to trust too much to the English of the paper. An American can use it to get an idea of the French.

—We have to add a few titles to our list of new English books of interest to the American reader: A year and more ago we spoke of the Shakspearean labors of Mr. George Russell French, who had just then discovered a missing link in the chain of the poet's pedigree. Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we see, now announce that they have nearly ready a work which Mr. French calls *Shakspeareana Genealogica*, of which the First Part contains, (1) the "Identification of the Dramatis Personæ in the 'Historical Plays,' (2) Notes on Characters in 'Macbeth' and 'Hamlet,' (3) Persons and Places belonging to Warwickshire alluded to;" the Second Part contains an essay entitled "The Shakspeare and Arden families, and their connections," to which is appended a "Table of Descent." The same publishers issue a new work which will have great attractions for our medical readers; it is "Medicine in Modern Times," and consists of addresses delivered at a meeting of the British Medical Association by Doctor Stokes, Doctor Acland, Doctor Gull, Professor Haughton, and Professor Rolleston. "A Report on Mercury," by Doctor Hughes Bennett, is to be found in the same volume. To persons interested in "Americana," especially "Americana" relating to the aborigines of the New World, we may mention a work by an Essequibo missionary, an Episcopalian clergyman, the Rev. Mr. W. H. Brett: "The Indian Tribes of Guiana, their Condition and Habits; with Researches into their Past History, Legends, Antiquities, Languages, etc." Some of our clerical readers will be interested to know that Doctor Cureton, an English clergyman and scholar, now deceased, some time since discovered in the library of the British Museum three Syriac manuscripts—one of the date of A. D. 474, one of the date of 512, and the third undated, but certainly to be referred to the early part of the sixth century—which contain the oldest Christian homilies known—sermons composed by Aphraates, a father of the Syrian church who flourished in the first half of the fourth century, a few years before Ephraim Syrus, hitherto the earliest homilist. Doctor W. Wright will edit the work, which will be in two volumes; the first will give the Syriac text, and the second a translation. This is very probably a valuable addition, if any were needed, to the resources of the polemics.

—Whatever may be true of the clergy here or elsewhere, one is struck in looking over the English lists by the proofs they give that the laity are very good readers of religious literature. "The Pathway of Safety" is a book of "counsel to the awakened"; it is now, although it is but a few years old, in its one hundred and fifty-sixth thousand. This is certainly a good many to sell of any book, and the books are very few indeed that can in this respect make any show beside "The Pathway of Safety." But the "Home Beyond, or a Happy Old Age" comes respectably near it, for it has reached its seventy-sixth thousand; and "The Early Communicant" even beats it; for that work—to be sure it is only a shilling volume, or a half-dollar one, as we should say—is in its one hundred and sixty-second thousand. Far behind these, but still far ahead of ninety-nine in a hundred of the best of the books that have a merely literary value, comes "Rend your Heart and Not your Garments," a penny book in its tenth thousand; "Noontide at Sychar" (\$1 75) in its seventh thousand; "The Shadow and the Substance" (\$1 and \$1 25), in its ninth thousand; "The Life of the late Rev. Doctor Marsh" (\$1 75) in its sixth thousand, and the Rev. Mr. Moody Stewart's "Life and Letters of Elizabeth, the last Duchess of Gordon," in its eighth thousand. It may be doubted if even here in America, where on the whole the average reader is a more variously intelligent and curious reader than his English cousin, there is any book, except an educational text-book of real value—and which has been well pushed—that is a better property than one that addresses itself simply and directly to the religious sentiment—the religious sentiment somewhat but not too much denominationalized, to coin a word. The monosyllabic library of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin receives two additions—namely, "The Swiss Family Robinson" and good Mrs. Barbauld's "Evenings at Home." This house had previously put into words of one syllable "Æsop's Fables" and "Sandford and Merton."

—The marvellous mountains of the Arabian Nights with their enormous caverns, the abodes of djinns, with their hollowed mountain ranges,

containing kingdoms of enchantment that surpassed in riches and beauty any kingdoms of the upper air, may go hide themselves if Mr. George Catlin should succeed in making good some theories concerning the Rocky Mountains that he is about to publish. Living as he has done among the Indians, he has become familiar with the scenery of the Far West, and has studied it as a geologist might; perhaps, indeed, he is a geologist, though we know little or nothing of him in that character. The researches made in his travels have led him to believe that beneath the Rocky Mountain range, in a series of vast, clean, dark cellars and subterranean channels, there flows a river many times larger than the Mississippi, and twice, or nearly twice, as long. Flowing over its bed of rock it loses nothing by alluvial absorption, and concealed as it is from the sun's rays it loses nothing by evaporation, but secretly pours its undiminished volume—increased, indeed, by the sinking rivers and lakes of Mexico—into the waters of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf. Again, beneath the Andes, says Mr. Catlin, "through the vast and heated vaults I contemplate a similar river, running from the thirtieth degree of south latitude to the north, and carrying its overflowing waters also to the Caribbean Sea." The frequent "steaming mountains," "blowing caves," and "trembling rocks," which occur among the Rocky Mountains indicate, says Mr. Catlin, "submontagne cascades." Another alleged circumstance which he offers by way of proof of his theory is, that by the great influx into the outer ocean of the subterranean rivers of North America the western surface of the Caribbean Sea is elevated several feet above the level of the ocean water. Another theory which Mr. Catlin announces is closely connected with this one of the upheaved mountains and the underground streams. The West Indies were once mountain peaks, the proudest of the Andes chain; but the mighty rivers, "meeting and debouching into the ocean east [west?] or north of the Antilles, combined with extraordinary volcanic influences, undermined the Antilles chain which went down in the cataclysm, well established by Indian traditions which I have gathered both in North and South America, and also by unimpeachable records on the rocks themselves; by shapes and grooves left in the giant walls at Caracas and Santa Martha, on the coast of Venezuela, where the mighty chain was broken, etc." It was in this tremendous convulsion of nature that the peninsula of Yucatan, with its splendid Aztec cities, sank, and these cities, with the evidence they give of their submersion, afford Mr. Catlin some confirmatory proof. The Gulf Stream, also, Mr. Catlin would explain by reference to this same theory and not by any reference to tidal currents. The full title of the book, which will be looked for with interest, is "The Lifted and Subsided Rocks of America, with their Influences on the Oceanic Atmosphere and Land Currents." Who will republish it in America we do not know; Mr. Catlin's former works, first published on this side of the water, are divided among several houses. Probably "The Lifted and Subsided Rocks" will be issued here by the American agents of some London firm.

—All signs indicate that we are fast approaching the time when pictorial representations, drawn or printed on paper, will be reproduced with absolute accuracy. The methods already applied with more or less success do nearly this, but photolithography, the highest of them, has not proved to be, for prints, a perfect counterfeit. However, according to the last number of the *Bibliographie de la France*, M. Drivet has at last succeeded in solving the problem which had hitherto baffled all the efforts of chemists and photographers. He has discovered a mode of reproducing on copper, either in relief or not, as may be desired, the most delicate details of photographic images. By the new process a copper plate, obtained, apparently, by electro-plating, is engraved automatically to a sufficient depth to allow of taking a large number of impressions. The process is said to be so cheap that, for a price little exceeding what a good photographer asks for two or three dozens of cartes-de-visite, one can procure a well-engraved plate from which any printer can print hundreds or thousands of copies. And these portraits do not fade as so many photographs have done and all may do. The *Bibliographie* gives no details of the mode of execution, and we cannot, therefore, compare it with the heliographic printing of Mr. von Egloffstein of this city, who publicly offers to make, on steel, "portraits, country-seats, circulars, reproductions of engravings, designs," etc., at one-third the cost of manual engravings.

—M. Brasseur de Bourbourg has recently published at Paris an octavo of nearly five hundred pages entitled: "Quatre Lettres sur le Mexique. Exposition absolue du système hiéroglyphique mexicain. D'après le Teo-Amoxtili et autres documents mexicains." In these four letters the author treats the following topics: The end of the stone age; the temporary glacial epoch; the beginning of the bronze age; the origin of the civilization and of the religions of antiquity. After many years of travel and anti-

quarian research in Central America, he has come to the conclusion that the myths of the old Mexican gods and heroes are not only intimately related to those of China, India, Egypt, Persia, and Greece, but also anterior to them; that the civilization of the Western hemisphere is not borrowed from the Eastern hemisphere, but that, on the contrary, America is the mother of Asia; that the continent which we have been accustomed to call the "New World" is not merely the oldest physically, as geologists had already taught us to suspect, but also the oldest ethnologically and in every way—the cradle of the human race. This theory M. Brasseur de Bourbourg maintains with much learning and logical acumen, and in an appendix to his volume prints a number of "*pièces justificatives*," among which are curious traditions of the deluge and a dissertation on the songs of our aborigines. Whatever we may think of this theory, we may say that the book presents a thorough and scientific discussion of American antiquities, and cannot fail to be welcomed by those who are interested in this subject.

—Teubner of Leipzig has just issued the first volume of Heinrich Deinhart's "Gesammelte kleine Schriften," edited by Hermann Schmidt. These "chips from the workshop" of the late director of the gymnasium at Bromberg show the same ability in the portraying of philosophic ideas and abstract thought in a clear, intelligible, and attractive style that characterizes his larger and more elaborate works. The topics discussed are the following: David and Jonathan, or the nature (*Wesen*) of friendship; the antithesis of pantheism and deism in ante-Christian religions; the ideal, with especial reference to formative art and poetry; the conception of culture; the conception of religion; emotional life and emotional culture (*Gemüthsleben und Gemüthsbildung*); Kepler's life and character; Kepler as the true reformer of astronomy; rational grounds for the immortality of the soul; the distinction between classic and romantic; the difference between poetry and prose; the development of man into freedom of will; J. G. Fichte's moral-religious principle. It is expected that this first volume of Deinhart's posthumous papers will be soon followed by a second volume.

REALMAH.*

THE publishers have done a thing for which they are to be thanked in having reprinted "Realmah," perhaps the best work of an author with several very fine qualities, and these, some of them, of a sort of which our society knows too little. Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council" made him known to a certain part of the American reading public, but the publication of this volume will extend the knowledge of him among many more readers; and whoever reads him makes the acquaintance of a person of very great refinement of manner, which matches a refinement of nature that is sometimes fastidiousness, but is redeemed from being so by the brightness of the author's mind and the firmness of his moral fibre. From these qualities naturally comes the simple elegance of the author's style, which is, within certain well-defined limits, a model of English. It is the English of educated and cultivated as well as well-bred "good society;" its general character is that it is conversational, though it is true, too, that the writer now and again at very rare intervals is beguiled into making what has been designated as "the purple patch," and raises the tone, perhaps to show doubters that underneath the man of social polish—the well-bred man—there is the educated man, the man of literary accomplishments, who could if he liked be the "writer." Examples of this little slip are where he makes his otherwise delightful Sir John Ellesmere construct, for the sake of showing that he could do it, a faultless sentence or set of sentences; and again, where the same gentleman indulges himself in a rhetorico-oratorical outburst against mere dullness and stupidity as the source of most extant wickedness of all kinds. But these patches are so rare that in spite of them it is proper to recommend Mr. Helps's style as a subject of study to very many writers, and especially to very many American writers, with whom not only are purple patches of Tyrian intensity—though they wash but poorly—of continual recurrence, but who, not content with the patch, so run the gorgeous threads through all the texture of the ill-woven web they weave, are so eloquent and fine and bald and poor together, that the result at last is that they have the mixed mess with purple predominating, which the old ladies used to call the "hit or miss pattern." The danger of direct imitation is always great and greatly to be shunned; still the study of styles admirable, as we may almost say, for their moral rather than for their literary characteristics can hardly do harm; and, on the other hand, to learn the right uses of the small things

* "Realmah. By the Author of 'Friends in Council.'" Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1868.

of speech is to learn by-and-by some of the intellectual and moral good which is beneath all nicety, simplicity, and genuine force of speech. For this purpose we are not afraid to recommend Mr. Helps. But the student must be on his guard against a certain degree of finicalness which, as we have hinted, is here and there to be found in him; he is not a robust person.

We might refer the reader to that same reprehensible passage about dulness which we mentioned a moment ago, for an illustration also of one of the most marked, in fact the most marked, of its author's good mental characteristics. Readers of light literature will understand well enough what we take him to be when we say that he is a mine of "social articles." He is very full of the "philosophy" of the things about him; and though in "Realmah," philosophizing on this or that social phenomenon is perhaps more mixed with sportiveness and badinage among the personages of the scene than is the case in the author's other works (and mingled too with a partly fantastical allegoric tale), still at bottom they are all the same, and it is the philosophizing which is their essential part. Thus may be justified a description which has been applied to him which makes him an excellent smallish Emerson, so far as Emerson is only a "conduct of life" philosopher. Opening "Realmah" at random and turning but a page or two, we come upon this scrap of conversation, which affords a good enough view of the author at his "social article" discoursing:

Sir Arthur. Notwithstanding Ellesmere's eulogium upon dogs, I venture to say again, what I said before, that I do not like their barking. But, to pursue the general question of noise, we never hardly, in our houses, make any sensible provision against it.

Milverton. Very true, Sir Arthur. I remember reading of some murder committed in a Russian palace—a noisy murder, too—but nobody heard anything of it in the next room. Now, that is my idea of how a house should be built. It should be possible to commit a murder in any room without the rest of the house being troubled or disturbed. As it is, architects seem to have set their faces against all quiet and privacy. Studious men are the victims of neighboring pianos. A nursery is a hot-bed of annoyance. I have studied the question of noise very deeply, and I will tell you something of the greatest importance. Put a layer of small shells between the flooring that separates a room from the room above it. You will find these shells admirable non-conductors of sound.

Cranmer. I wish architects were subject to examinations.

Milverton. Very good. The first question I should ask them would be, What thickness of what material will prevent such and such noises—say the playing of a piano by a beginner—from being heard in the adjacent rooms?

Sir Arthur. I remember when I was in Germany, and used to spell over the German newspapers, nothing used to delight me more than the advertisements of servants, which so often began "*Ein stilles Mädchen*." Now, if one could advertise about houses, and say truthfully, "*Ein stilles Haus*" (I'm sure I do not know whether that is the right German), what an attractive advertisement it would be!

Ellesmere. You were quoting just now "Never Too Late to Mend." I don't think Mr. Reade protested so much against solitary confinement as against the cruelty which in that particular case accompanied solitary confinement. At least such is my recollection of that eloquent and fervid book.

Milverton. No, you are wrong; he protested against the system as well as against the cruelties which he stated to have accompanied it in that particular case.

It is a commonplace remark to make, but what an atrocious thing cruelty is!

In the above extract we have not exhibited the sportiveness of which we have spoken, which is, however, of so gay and pleasing a character, and so constant, that we should be glad to do what we easily might do—quote very many pages pervaded by it. Sir John Ellesmere, a hard-headed and hard-worked lawyer, in particularly high spirits because he is taking his vacation among his friends, is the source of most of it, and altogether is a most enjoyable companion. Perhaps none the less agreeable in that, having risen from low estate, he has not all the repose and perfection of mere manner which makes the other gentlemen and ladies just the least bit obnoxious to the charge of vapidness. He is the only one of the characters who has not more of the lay figure in him than of humanity. Mr. Helps is not great at inventing men and women, and his insufficiency in this respect is visible even when all his task is to make interlocutors in English drawing-room and breakfast-room and library conversations. Mr. Mauleverer, for instance, is quite absurd. So is Johnson; the ladies often are, and Sir Arthur and Milverton hardly exist. In Sir John there seems to be a touch or two that was got from life itself, but on the whole one would say even of him that he is but the more playful and sarcastic side of Mr. Helps, plus rather more animal spirits and bodily strength than have fallen to Mr. Helps's lot. He is to be highly delighted in, however, no matter where he came from, as the following extract may show. The friends have been amusing themselves with inventing maxims which builders of houses should bear in mind:

Ellesmere. Well, you are all very clever! and have offered a heap of good suggestions.

As I proposed the game, I think I ought to be allowed to have another turn.

[We all assented.]

Then I say, *When you are building, think of the comfort of your servants, even before you think of your own.*

[“Hear, hear,” from Mr. Milverton and Sir Arthur.]

My first maxim, however, was the great one. I really am proud of it. I should like it to be commemorated in my epitaph. By the way, as this is Milverton's last essay, it would be a very appropriate thing if I were to give you a sketch of what my epitaph should be. I think it should run thus. Give me your pencil, Sandy; let me write it out:

He was a sound lawyer;
And, by a peculiar felicity,
Not uncommon to great advocates,
The side on which he argued
Happened always to be
The side of justice and of truth.
He never beat his wife, though she was often
Very provoking.
He was an endurable friend,
And, in a dull country house,
Was worth a deal of money
As a guest.
He was a good master to his dogs,
A persevering fisherman,
A powerful singer;
And when he borrowed books, he always
Took care to return them.
The grand maxim,
NEVER MIND THE OUTSIDE,
Which has improved the Art of Building
Throughout the world,
And which has tended to dignify and purify
All other departments in human life,
Was his'n.

Sir Arthur. Excellent! But there must be a Latin quotation somewhere.

Ellesmere. Oh, ah! Latin. Yes, I have it. "*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione quærentes*."

Sir Arthur. I must be very stupid, I suppose; but I do not see the appropriateness.

Mauleverer. Nor I.

Ellesmere. Nor I; but it will set people thinking. They will say I used it in some great speech, and that, as it had never been heard in the House of Commons before, it completely crushed Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone.

Sir Arthur. No; say something of which nobody can make any meaning, such as "*Sed memor quia immemor*" ("But mindful, because unmindful," ladies).

Milverton. No: turn it this way, "*Immemor quia memor*" ("Unmindful because mindful"), and then a very subtle interpretation might be given. Do n't you know that, when you know a person very well, and love him or her very much, you have more difficulty in recalling his or her countenance than that of any ordinary person?

Ellesmere. That is too fine-drawn. I stick to my Gracchi.

But is not my epitaph modest and touching? I could almost myself shed tears for the loss of such a man. I do not say that I was a perfect friend, but only an *endurable* one. And then how exquisitely my honesty, carefulness, and general propriety of conduct are indicated in what is said about the returning of borrowed books! Some people might think there is a little flattery in the words "powerful singer," but I know that Lady Ellesmere always goes out of the room when I begin to sing, and I conclude that her exit is from an excess of pleasure that requires solitude to moderate it.

I observed that Lady Ellesmere did not say anything, and looked grave. Women do not like this kind of jesting about serious subjects, such as epitaphs. Sir John saw this too, and immediately turned into another branch of the subject.

But with a word or two about the half of the book of which we have not yet spoken we must close. Indulging himself in one of those little ineptitudes which are not quite infrequent enough with him, Mr. Helps gives the name of "Realmah" to the principal figure in the romance which Mr. Milverton reads to his assembled friends. Realmah becomes king of a certain realm, which was inhabited some thousands—or hundreds of thousands of years ago—in the stone period, at all events—by the Sheviri (*she* and *cir*, perhaps), who were dwellers in "lake cities." The describing of the monarch, and his domestic arrangements, and the kingdom, and the religion and education and laws of this imaginary people, of course gives Mr. Helps opportunity for any amount that he likes of philosophizing and poetizing on a thousand things, and, to do him justice, so far as the amount of it goes no fault is to be found with him. But it is dull, often fantastically weak, and never really forcible; still it is, on the other hand, very often acute and delicately fine. The whole love-story of Realmah and the Ainah, one of the king's three wives, is to be called beautiful in a high degree. On the whole, though, the reader is under a constant temptation to skip to the fine print of the friends' conversations, and leave Abibah and its king to themselves. Then at the end, when the reader finds that apparently this elaborate performance has for its final cause to persuade the English to give up Gibraltar to the Spaniards for

high moral reasons, he feels an increased sense of its want of strength, and a wish that he had yielded to the temptation, at least as soon as the *Ainah* dies and the love episode is over with.

A NATURAL THEORY OF CREATION.*

Two years ago Professor Haeckel, of Jena, published a "General Morphology of Organisms," in which he attempted to sketch a broad outline of the history of the development of organic forms. This was the first attempt of a thoroughly scientific investigator to apply the development theory as modified by Darwin in carrying out the details of classification of the organic world. Intended for the specialist, it is filled with tables giving his views of the probable manner of development of the great divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, as well as genealogical trees of the classes and orders. The "Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte" is a series of popular lectures, delivered in 1867-68, based upon his "Generelle Morphologie," being a comprehensive statement of the present condition of the development theory—or, as the author terms it, the natural theory of creation.

The Darwinian theory has found great favor among German scientific men, who consider it a phase of the development theory which has again brought prominently before the public the old views of Goethe, Lamarck, and Geoffroy St. Hilaire. They look upon "development" as the magic word which is to solve the problems of life surrounding us, or, at any rate, point the way to their solution. This tendency is the natural result of the school of Goethe, Büchner, Moleschott, and Vogt, who have paved the way for what is considered the turning point in the history of the development theory and which cannot fail to lead, sooner or later, to its universal recognition, thus claiming for our century the honor of discovering the origin of the human race and of giving birth to Darwin, the Newton of the organic sciences.

The author writes with the greatest enthusiasm for his subject, he is temperate in tone, no difference of opinion becomes a personal question, and he shows throughout the utmost courtesy and fairness to his opponents. The lectures open with a brief statement of the theory of development, claiming it as the only explanation of the phenomena of organic nature in accordance with natural causes. We find next a review of the theories of creation of Linnaeus, Cuvier, and Agassiz, the principal exponents of the theory of the immutability of species. In this part of his argument the author underrates the merits of their methods. It was a natural result of the Linnaean method to flood scientific writings with short diagnoses of new species, such as we still find in not a few scientific periodicals. It was of the utmost importance for Cuvier to dwell upon the slightest points of difference, insisting on their permanence, while comparing the bones of living animals with those he found embedded in tertiary beds of the Paris basin. In the hands of a Linnaeus new species served as the means of sketching an outline of the organic world, in those of his followers they have mainly served to encumber our scientific literature with a mass of crude materials. Cuvier founded comparative anatomy and paleontology and reconstructed the past history of our globe; his followers have simply filled out and finished the outlines of the picture to be traced. We must not forget, in criticising the views of these men, what was known in their time, and it certainly is not fair to judge Cuvier and Linnaeus by the light of our present knowledge of the organic kingdoms. Agassiz's theory of successive creations, the natural sequence of the Cuvierian hypothesis of the sudden revolutions to which our globe has been subject, he deems untenable, as well as his categories of classification, which he considers as a coarse anthropomorphism of the Creator, and they appear to him in distinct contradiction with what will prove (with the glacial theory) the greatest discovery of Agassiz, namely, the parallelism between the paleontological succession and the embryonic development of animals. Haeckel considers the development theory as the logical application to organic phenomena of Lyell's theory of the natural development of the earth by means of changes identical with those still going on before our eyes. He next takes up the Darwinian theory as a special explanation of the development theory, giving an excellent exposition of the arguments in its favor from the "Origin of Species." He also treats at length Agassiz's embryological views, and is the first to appreciate fully the important arguments which can be drawn from this source in support of the development theory. It is certainly remarkable to what extent the importance of embryology in

the ultimate solution of these problems has been overlooked and how little impression embryological studies have made thus far. Darwinists, as a general rule, seemed suddenly struck with the truth of the parallelism of embryological and paleontological development when it was pointed out by Darwin as indicating the probable character of the prototypes of an order or class, forgetting that this same parallelism they had most emphatically denied when urged by the upholders of special creations.

The development theory has in its favor many arguments drawn from analogy. We can only trace development in all organisms; we have never thus far seen anything created. Many animals and plants undergo during their growth from the egg to the adult changes far greater in form, structure, and habits than would be sufficient to identify them at various stages of growth (supposing their development arrested) as different species, genera, orders, classes, or even branches of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Unfortunately, this point is not yet proved; we have only a strong presumptive analogy in its favor. To seek for a definite solution seems a hopeless task; the very elements of a strict demonstration are wanting. There is not, strange as it may seem, a single animal or plant of which we know the whole life history; still less the comparative history of closely allied species. We have nothing but fragments, here and there a tolerable chapter; we must wait for the Newton who will find the key of organic nature, and till then be content to accumulate facts and catch an occasional glimpse of the probabilities of the development theory. We owe much nonsense and many childish arguments to the Darwinian theory, which have filled hundreds of pages of recent natural history publications; but in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and England the development theory is being tested by numerous sincere and capable workers, as well as by the most prominent leaders of the natural sciences.

Although Haeckel's purpose is to give a view of the development theory as modified by Darwin, yet the last part of his book, where he enters into specialties, and which is mainly made up of his own views and explanations of the creation of organized beings, differs greatly from the Darwinian theory. Haeckel's natural system is a genealogical tree of organized beings; he looks upon the intervention of the Creator at any time as passing from true scientific knowledge to poetical and supernatural belief. He pushes the development theory to its logical sequence; with him all organized beings are potentially present in the original chaos of the nebular hypothesis, and he claims boldly that the formation of the first organisms from inorganic matter is nothing imaginary, since we have as the primordial organized beings those simple albuminous organisms (*monera*) consisting of particles of protoplasm which has originated from combinations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. He looks upon all the phenomena of life as a natural sequence of their chemical and physical combination as much as if they were conditions of existence of inorganic substances, though in both cases the ultimate causes are hidden from us. The monera are the prototypes of what the author makes into a third kingdom in nature (*protista*), and from these original neutral monera develop animal and vegetable monera. This once established, from each of the archetypes we have developed a genealogical tree giving us the history of the vegetable, protozoan, and animal kingdoms by a skilful combination of fossil forms (actually found) with hypothetical animals and plants (still to be discovered), ending with the present organized beings including man. Though we cannot agree with his views of protista, of the relation of diatomea and myxomycetes to protozoa, of the position he assigns to the coelenterata, echinodermata, and scolecida, and of the numerous classes he interpolates, yet many of the affinities he points out are very interesting, while others not proved thus far are exceedingly ingenious.

He devotes a special chapter to the origin of man, following Huxley and Vogt in uniting him with the monkeys, and he prefaces his work with a plate, better than all arguments, where our common descent from the mandril—"mandril man," as he is called by Haeckel—is painfully well delineated; though all sensitive organizations may console themselves by reading the glowing picture of the future of our race with which he closes this volume.

Haeckel's "Schöpfungsgeschichte" and "Generelle Morphologie" both suffer from the evident haste of the author to publish his views. We miss the discussion of some of the most important points bearing on the development theory; even authors whose tendency is strongly Darwinistic are forgotten. Nothing is said of Hooker, and others of the leading botanists are neglected. We would specially mention the views of Heer in his "Urwelt der Schweiz," which contains one of the most original theories of development. The works of Rüttimeyer, Fritz Müller, Claus, and others, bearing directly upon one of the strongest points he makes, are passed over in silence. But what is particularly to be regretted is the meagreness

* "Natürliche Schöpfungsgeschichte. Gemeinverständliche wissenschaftliche Vorträge über die Entwicklungslehre im Allgemeinen, und diejenige von Darwin, Goethe und Lamarck im Besonderen, über die Anwendung derselben auf den Ursprung des Menschen und andere damit zusammenhängende Grundfragen der Naturwissenschaft. Von Dr. Ernst Haeckel, Professor an der Universität Jena." Berlin: Verlag von Georg Reimer. 8vo, pp. 688.

of his statement of the geographical distribution, as well as total neglect to discuss the glacial theory, without which no natural theory of creation can be complete.

RECENT REPUBLICATIONS.

ALL American readers of novels—all, at any rate, whose eyes are not afraid of some little hard work—will be glad of Fields, Osgood & Co.'s new edition of Charles Reade. It gives us in a set of uniform volumes, neat as regards their external appearance, and not bad as regards paper and printing, all the stories yet published of the brightest of living English novelists. It is to be hoped that the publishers of the new work of his which is now appearing in the *Galaxy* may see fit to complete the set—so far as completeness in this respect can be attained in the case of a living and working writer—by putting the new novel into a dress like that of the volumes before us, which, to be so cheap as they are, are elegant. The fineness of the print is not of so much consequence to Mr. Reade's public as it would be in the case of some other readers. He is not wholly, perhaps not mainly, but certainly he is, to a great extent, a writer for young people, whose eyes may be presumed good. There is none, we believe, of his stories that does not deal with the love of young men for young women—unless, indeed, it is a little more accurate to say that they all deal with the love of young women for young men. It is his young women, we should say—speaking from recollection and not now from a fresh reading—who take up most of Mr. Reade's attention. Thus, perhaps, it is that it happens that while both sexes read him he is more highly spoken of among the young men of his audience, and doubtless is really more interesting to them, than he is to the young ladies. It is a necessity of the case that if it is the relations of the sexes that are uppermost in a writer's consideration, and if the personality of the people affected is secondary, there should be apparent injustice, an inadequacy that amounts to seeming injustice, in his or her picture of one or the other party to love affairs. This is more especially true of male novelists. A woman writing about men, if she is very apt to give but inadequate accounts of them, yet is not so apt as a man is, writing about women, to take a tone which piques the vanity or the pride or the self-respect of the class of whom he professes to be giving account.

It is as little surprising, then, that women are generally disposed to deny the truth of Mr. Reade's portraiture of them, as it is that men should generally accept it. The denial and the acceptance alike, we suppose, point to the real truth of his handling of, not the whole matter of life, but a certain side of it. And that he deals with a certain well-defined portion of human life, and not with all of it, or very much of it, might be offered in proof of the necessary assertion that with all his great cleverness—genius, even, may be said, if while we say it we think of his limitations—he is to be classed with the second or third-rate novelists and not with the best. One might say, too, that it is to the narrowness of the foundation on which he has chosen to build that is due the frequent, indeed almost the habitual, clumsiness of construction of his stories. With his natural strength and ability—not of mind only, but of hearty feeling—it is not possible that he should not be compelled now and again to leave alone mere love-making and work at this and that interesting question. So, while the passion of the heroine and hero is his main business—is, at any rate, what alone gives coherence and unity to his work in any given case—he is apt and of late almost sure to bring into the book some such matter as the prison discipline of "Never too Late to Mend," or the madhouse management of "Hard Cash." If we compare, as respects their artistic construction, these books with the otherwise inferior "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," in which love is all, in which every portion of the work is informed and vivified by its originating motive, we find confirmation of this judgment and at the same time the reason of the higher repute of the author's smaller works. The later, stronger ones, although there is more of real matter in them, more of what would be called man's work, are yet to be called comparatively not as good—on account of their indigested masses, on account of the dead-wood which encumbers them—as "Peg Woffington" or "Christie Johnstone."

How entertaining, how readable, how clever all of them are, how likable a man they reveal to us, in spite of his fieriness, if there is such a word, and his too great fondness for smartness, and his frank self-conceit—the frankness of which, in great part, removes the curse of it—all of our readers, we make no doubt, know very well without our telling them. For the information of such of them as have not seen it, we may say that in this edition—which, it is announced by the publishers, has the author's sanction—the novels are put into duodecimo volumes, with the text in two columns of print about as large as that of the well-known

"Diamond Editions" of popular authors, and with a green cloth binding. The price of each of the eight volumes is a dollar, and the list includes "White Lies," which is perhaps the best of the long novels, and which—in spite of the excessive Frenchness and theatricalness of Dujardin—some people think its author's best work; "The Cloister and the Hearth," which seems to us the author's best long work; "Never too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," and "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," as well as several shorter tales.

We spoke in terms of such high praise of the first edition of "The Works of Edmund Burke" (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), that the third edition, which now lies on our table, and is printed, of course, from the same plates, might naturally pass without much comment. But so rare a specimen of book-making cannot be too frequently praised, especially when, as in this case, the result is, that an Englishman who wants the correctest edition of Burke must send to America for it. And if he wanted the best, typographically, he perhaps would still send here; at least he need desire nothing better than the workmanship of the Cambridge printers. The third edition, we remark, being cheapened in price—so that the twelve volumes may now be had for eighteen dollars—has a lighter paper than the first, but to our mind this is fairly offset by the diminished bulk, while again the green and gold backs are an improvement on their predecessors. We sincerely hope that this edition will not be the last, nor nearly the last. We are, most of us, obliged to take the word of the editor and publishers that they have saved us from three thousand errors; but then it is a word which has never deceived us, and to rest implicitly in this is a privilege for which we could hardly pay too dear.

When Dr. Windship began his lectures in Boston, in which he was to exhibit the extraordinary strength he had acquired by his practice of lifting, his auditors will remember that on several occasions in the midst of his reading he was obliged to retire in a half-fainting condition, because, as he afterward explained, of the noxious atmosphere of the room. In one instance, as we remember, this happened in Music Hall, the largest audience chamber in the city; and we have even known him at a small company, in a private house, to stay in the entry as the only place in which he could be sure of breathing pure air. He was a remarkable example of the inconvenience of too high a state of health and robustness amid the necessities—we had almost said—of the life of the present day. Against this word, however, Mr. Lewis Leeds protests vigorously in his little work on ventilation, which Messrs. John Wiley & Son have republished in green covers adorned with this dictum, in flaming white letters: *Man's own Breath is his Greatest Enemy*. The book consists of familiar lectures before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, illustrated by experiments, and is valuable for the common sense and practical experience of the author, and his earnestness in calling attention to a subject whose importance is only equalled by the neglect which it has hitherto received, not only from common people but from architects, who should have a principle in the matter. The scientific portions of Mr. Leeds's discourses are not so sound as his deductions from their supposed facts. What he has to say about the abstraction of moisture from the air, and the poisonous quality of carbonic acid, is not borne out by the best experiments, and Dr. Derby's little pamphlet on "Anthrax and Health" will be found much better authority on these subjects. It ought, we would suggest, to be secured by Messrs. Wiley & Son for this series, in which George Catlin's "Breath of Life" appropriately accompanies the "Lectures on Ventilation." *Shut your Mouth* is the white legend on a green ground in his case. Mr. Catlin's is a work which we regard as of great merit and universal interest, and deserving an endless reproduction. It is capital reading, too, illustrated by quaint drawings, and replete with anecdotes of Indian life and adventure. We never take up the book without wishing that there were more of those fanatics whose bequests provide for the gratuitous publication and distribution of some work after their own hearts, and calculated to benefit the latest posterity. The enemies from whom the author wishes to protect mankind are the dentist, dyspepsia, and contagion, chiefly; he accomplishes a good deal more by the way.

"Frankenstein," which Messrs. Sever & Francis have just resurrected, is one of a dozen more than half dead, but not wholly forgotten, slight books—"The Monk" is another, and "Vathek" is almost another—which owe what life they have at present not so much to any vitality of their own as to their having succeeded in parasitically fastening themselves, one in this way and one in that, to the truly good literature of their time. Everybody who has been captivated—as what reader of to-day has not?—by the intellectual activity, and its results, of the great Georgian period, by the works and characters and fortunes of Byron and Scott, of Keats and Coleridge and

Lamb, of Jeffrey and Wilson and Gifford, must feel an interest, if only that of curiosity, in the romance, once so noted, which was written at Shelley's and Byron's suggestion by Shelley's wife, Byron's friend, Godwin's and Mary Woolstonecraft's daughter. "Frankenstein," then, still lives, and very likely may have before it many more years of existence. In itself it is not much. There is a sort of nightmare horror about the main conception. At any rate one would say of it that it might be the effect, if it could hardly be the cause, of a nightmare. One can even imagine it becoming almost terrible in the hands of a man like Poe, and becoming better than that in the hands of a writer gifted not only with a love for the horrible, but also with the moral imagination, so to speak. But each page of Mrs. Shelley's book, instead of adding something to the impressiveness or the significance of the original idea, takes so much away from it; she merely weakens and cheapens the naked horribleness of it. It would be hard to find an example of clumsier and more puerile handling of a subject capable of being put to good uses. It is easy to believe, what is hinted in the preface, that the plot of "Frankenstein," the conception of the chief personage was due to recollections or suggestions, more or less vague, got from some German "tale of wonder." It is not so easy to understand why it should cause regret to any one, as it recently has to some, that the author's career of authorship closed altogether when her young husband died. The edition before us is neat; the paper cover is really ornamented by its design, which does the artist credit.

For half a dollar one may buy of the Messrs. Appleton a paper-covered volume containing "Cary's Dante" with the "Life," all the notes of the last edition that was supervised by the author, an index, and a chronological table. The print is not very fine, and the paper is so thick that the reader never has before his eyes at one time the text of more than one side of the leaf—a thing not too common in books of the price of this sort. This "Dante" is uniform with the other volumes of the cheap "Standard Poets" series, which includes "Milton," "Burns," "Scott," "Tasso," "Pope," "Dryden," "Spenser," "Herbert," "Chaucer," "Butler," "Campbell," "Hemans," and "Kirke White." As regards most of these poets—perhaps all—it is surely well that they should be made so cheap, and it is true that the edition which Messrs. Appleton & Co. offer us is, on the whole, well prepared. But it is to be wished that the Johnsonized "Dante" of Cary could be displaced in the half-dollar market, as in others, by Mr. Longfellow's or Mr. Parsons's, or almost any other translation.

This edition of "Scott's Complete Poetical Works," which Messrs. Field, Osgood & Co. have just issued, needs mention only, the public being very well acquainted with "Diamond Editions." A much-liked acquaintance, and an old one, "Scott" is an author fit for a pocket edition; as widely known as he is much liked, he is a typically good author for a cheap pocket edition, like this one, and the "Diamond Scott" is a suitable companion for the "Tennyson," "Longfellow," and "Whittier" of the same very successful series.

Miss Yonge's compilation known as "Golden Deeds" is reissued by Messrs. Sever & Francis, who have made of it a cheaper book—just as good, however, for the boys, for whom it was intended—than it was in the dress which it has hitherto worn. It would be so easy a thing to do—and so good a thing when done—that it is a wonder Messrs. Sever & Francis do not add a volume to their "Golden" series—or a supplement to this volume of Miss Yonge's—which should relate some of the countless golden deeds of our late war. In the agreeable and inspiring little book before us the United States figures a little oftener than Bithynia or Milan or Malta, but not very much oftener. To be sure, a golden deed is a golden deed wherever done; there will never be any difficulty in making boys see that much; but the story of what ennobles human nature is for the most part told in vain unless the telling inspires not admiration merely, but emulation; and to do this it is as well, at all events it is well, that the hearers should be made to understand that great things have been done, and can be done again, say, by men from Connecticut, or by the young fellows who went out from the next town "in the three months," and were buried at Big Bethel.

This is not the latest written of the delightful series of literary works which the world owes to the elder Disraeli: "The Literary Character," which, however, Mr. Widdleton has chosen to give us last. It completes his set of nine handsomely-printed octavo volumes, which contain all that is worth preserving of an author who two or three times in the course of his life attempted original composition, but whose successes were all won by him in his character of bookworm and literary scholar. It can hardly be said that literature is any longer pursued as Isaac Disraeli pursued it: "He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library"—and this was as true of him in his youth, when he

haunted the libraries of Paris, as in his age, when at morning "he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." These are the words of his son, a man who has pursued literature after quite another, and the common fashion, making it a means and not an end. The Widdleton edition is based upon that which Benjamin Disraeli annotated, and its external appearance is worthy of its matter, which will always make it a highly prized work among men of letters, and decidedly a work that no gentleman's library should be without.

To match the "Book of Golden Deeds" above mentioned, Messrs. Sever & Francis have got out a dollar edition of Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrics in the English Language." It is no one's affair except the publishers, but we should have thought the daintier dress which this work used to wear would have been more profitable. However, carefully edited as it is, the notes hardly more profitable to the student than the critical ability and extraordinarily nice taste displayed in the selecting, it may be well to issue an edition that shall be within the easy reach of the poorer student of poetry, and of the person who can afford but one or two books of poetry, as well as an edition as beautiful in type and paper and binding as the songs and lyrics themselves.

Isaiah; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both pastors and people. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D.D. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.)—"This is the third in a series of notes on the Old Testament Prophets; of which the first, on the minor Prophets, and the second, on Ezekiel and Daniel, are already before the public." The text of the prophet is given only in the authorized English version, without alteration, and the Hebrew original is not only omitted, but almost entirely left out of view, the "critical" notes nowhere revealing any linguistic-critical pretensions. In fact, one might doubt whether the commentator has ever read the text in the original tongue, especially when in a lengthy disquisition in defence of the identity of the authors of the two portions of *Isaiah* separated by the historical narrative of the Assyrian invasion, we hear him coolly state that "not one reader in a thousand, in passing from the former portion to the latter, would suspect that he was passing from one author to another," which, he adds, "may be asserted of the Hebrew reader as well as of the English." Now, to read *Isaiah* in Hebrew and not to discover the striking difference of diction and literary character in general which distinguishes the last twenty-seven chapters of the book—referring to the period of the rise of the Persian empire—from the main parts of the first division—referring to an age almost two centuries earlier, in which the prophet personally figured—would require an obtuseness of the literary sense almost as great as that which would find no difference between the productions of Pindar and Theocritus, of Dante and Tasso, or of Milton and Moore. The bold assertion quoted above is one of Dr. Cowles's arguments in favor of the original unity of the book, and not much stronger are those with which he rebuts the evidences to the contrary. That the later "author's" central theme is the restoration from exile in Babylon—the whole portion being grouped around this grand event; that the writer speaks as if the later years of the exile and the restoration were his actual present, prior events being seen in the past; that he speaks "of the temple as destroyed and of the land as 'waste';" that he exclaims "'our holy and beautiful house where our fathers praised thee is burnt with fire,'" that he speaks repeatedly by name of Cyrus, who flourished nearly two hundred years after *Isaiah*—all these difficulties our commentator endeavors to remove by a few remarks on prophetic vision and figurative sense. On the "internal evidence lying in the book itself," as he sees it, he expatiates more fully, though with the same superficiality—going so far as to assert that "if it were a fact that some pseudo-*Isaiah*, living during the exile, wrote the latter portion, then the similarity between him and the real *Isaiah* in respect to cast of mind, style of thought and expression, would be a greater miracle than prophetic vision itself." Another set of arguments with which Dr. Cowles tries to confound the critics of the opposite camp—from Koppe down to Gesenius, Hitzig, and Ewald—is drawn from the testimony of Jewish and Christian authority. Have not the Jewish compilers "given us the whole book as the prophecies of one and the same *Isaiah*?" If there ever was an "Isaiah No. 2," who was he? "What was his name? How came he to be a 'great unknown'?" Why has he no record in Jewish history? "How came his writings to appear in the accepted sacred canon without his name?" Who perpetrated the fraud of appending them to the prophecies of the great *Isaiah*, as if they were his? Did Ezra and his associates "perpetrate this literary fraud upon the true *Isaiah*? Were they inspired to do this?" Do not the Apostles, does not Jesus himself, credit *Isaiah* with passages quoted from the last twenty-seven chap-

ters? "Do the critics in question know more and better on this point than they?" "Have they thought of attempting an answer to these and similar questions?" These and similar questions our commentator asks in a triumphant tone—forgetting that the Jewish compilers nowhere asserted the unity of the collection, but affixed to it the name of Isaiah, probably on account of its beginning with visions of that prophet, just as they affixed the name of Samuel to the two books known under that title, the first of which begins with the history of that seer, and the second contains the detailed narrative of a long period subsequent to his death—and that only; that the Hebrew canon contains the works of many unknown writers, and among them those of another "great unknown"—the author of Job; that "Isaiah No. 2" may have left his record in Jewish history under the name of Baruch, of Zerubbabel, or even of Daniel; that his writings came "to appear in the accepted sacred canon without his name" precisely in the same way in which the Books of Moses appeared there without the name of their author; that the compilers, whoever they were, not only committed no literary fraud, but, by inserting the historical chapters between the two divisions, even intentionally guarded the reader against a possible mistake; that quotations from the latter chapters of the collection credited to Isaiah imply no greater acknowledgment of that prophet's authorship than a quotation from "Ossian" by Coleridge or Macaulay would imply of the antiquity of Macpherson's songs; finally—though much more could be said—forgetting that a certain kind of refutations was already out of date in the age of Galileo, and is entirely preposterous in ours. This being our opinion of the value of the author's general criticism on his subject, our readers, we imagine, will readily excuse us for not entering upon an illustration of his remarks on the single parts of the book.

Travel and Adventure in the Territory of Alaska. By Frederick Whymper. (New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.)—The author of the volume before us is a son of a well-known engraver and water-color artist of London, and a brother of Mr. Edward Whymper, whose connection with the ascent of the Matterhorn, and its sad attendant catastrophe, some two years since, will be remembered. Mr. Whymper was for some time an artist of note in British Columbia, and joined the Western Union Telegraph Expedition at Victoria, V. I., in 1865. After the failure of that enterprise he returned to England, where his sketches and travels excited a good deal of attention, and resulted in the production of the present volume.

His narrative opens with an account of his voyage to British Columbia, and devotes about fifty pages to that country, including an interesting account of the great glaciers of Bute Inlet, of various Indian outrages in the vicinity, and of the colonial expedition for the exploration of the interior of Vancouver Island, of which party he was a member. Then he devotes some two hundred pages to matters of more immediate interest to Americans, viz.: an account of the history and various explorations of Russian America, now known as Alaska, in general; and, in particular, a narrative of a journey from Norton Sound to the Yukon River, and thence to Fort Yukon, at the mouth of the Porcupine River, and returning to St. Michaels, via the Yukon and the sea. A short sketch of the explorations in Siberia by officers of the Western Union Telegraph expedition, and forty pages devoted principally to California, with an appendix, and a map of the northern part of Alaska, conclude the book.

This being the first popular and accessible account of the great river of the Northwest, it is in the highest degree interesting, and Mr. Whymper's companions bear testimony to his general accuracy. His style is easy and unambitious, and the engravings from his sketches are good specimens of the art, and give a clearer idea of the country traversed, and the habits of the Indians, than any description could do. The book is well worth a careful perusal, and will clear up much of the mist which envelops the ideas of most people in regard to our new territory, which is popularly believed to be a paradise of polar bears, icebergs, and Esquimaux. Some errors, comparatively trifling, should be noticed. Want of familiarity with the Russian and Indian dialects (the only ones spoken in the vicinity of the Yukon) has caused much confusion in the nomenclature of the Indian tribes and of localities. From the same cause the vocabularies (except that by Mr. Kennicott, which is a reprint from the Smithsonian publications) are far from reliable. With regard to the map, Mr. Arrowsmith has sustained his reputation among geographers of being an incorrigible blunderer. That portion taken from the notes of Capt. Everett Smith and Mr. Whymper is probably approximately correct. That, however, which relates to the coast line and to the portion of the river taken from the Russian charts, is inexcusably incorrect. The English Admiralty charts of 1853 (obtainable in any seaport), and the more recent United States coast survey

charts, in these particulars, are very much more accurate; so much so, that one is inclined to wonder that some member of the Royal Geographical Society, for which it was compiled, did not detect the errors previous to its publication.

With the above exceptions the book may be trusted pretty implicitly, and the account of a British trading post, quietly absorbing the best part of the trade of that portion of the country (amounting to some eight thousand sables a year), may induce the Government to notify the Hudson's Bay Company not to expect at some future time to obtain payment of claims as unfounded as any Spanish castles, if driven out by the superior energy and enterprise of American traders and trappers.

Drawing without a Master. The Cavé Method of Learning to Draw from Memory. By Madame Marie Elizabeth Cavé. Translated from the fourth Paris edition. (New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1868.)—This little book is familiar by this time to most students of drawing, and is exercising a certain influence. It is based upon one or two sound principles of study, principles which no teacher of drawing can afford to forget, no student to ignore; and these are pressed with proper persistence upon the reader's attention. But, beyond this, translation seems to have aided original text in making a wordy, uncritical, immoderately vain book, in which some good general advice and many useful hints are nearly spoiled by being declared exclusively good and exclusively useful; parts of my system—the only possible good one. The conclusion to which one is driven is very nearly this: Let artists and teachers read it and master it, and then throw it in the fire lest their pupils should get hold of it.

The main point insisted on is drawing from memory; and it is this alone which individualizes Mrs. Cavé's method. The pupil makes a tracing, for instance, of an outlined head, and keeping this tracing by his side goes on to draw the head by eye, using the tracing as a drawing-master to correct his errors. When in this way he has achieved an approximately perfect result, and not before it is as nearly perfect as he can make it, he proceeds to draw the same object altogether from memory. Mrs. Cavé's idea that by this means the forms and proportions of many things, the human form for instance, can be fixed most easily in the mind, is a sound one. It is less wise to assert that this is the only means of learning to draw, in view of the fact that not all good draughtsmen have been so trained, and in view of the further fact that many good, though of course not the greatest, artists never gain much power of drawing from memory. Neither is it safe to claim that this way of study is universal in its application; it will succeed much less often and less easily with landscape than with figure drawing.

Some of the remarks upon especial points—as upon shading in tint and without lines, upon composition of pictures, etc.—are very good and well put. The force of all this is much marred, however, by a curiously uncritical choice of examples for the pupil to consult. Gavarni's lithographs are named as good things to copy; and of engravings which the pupil is advised to get, and to copy parts of such as he enjoys, those after Metz and the landscapes of Salvator Rosa are mentioned with engravings after Titian and Rembrandt. This argues absolute ignorance of what good work has in it different from bad. There is, for instance, a gathering of nearly all that is to be avoided in landscape art in many of the popular engraved landscapes after Salvator.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.

Office, 144 and 146 Broadway.

Twenty-Sixth General Statement of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, for the Year ending January 31, 1869.

(FOR DETAILED STATEMENT SEE ANNUAL REPORT.)

Net Assets, February 1, 1868,	\$22,602,452 14	Interest due and unpaid,	6,614 83
Receipts during the year,	13,129,531 06	Interest accrued but not due, on Stocks and Bonds and Mortgages,	945,670 00
Disbursements during the year,	55,791,983 20	Market Value of Stocks in excess of cost,	558,628 81
Net Assets, January 31, 1869,	\$29,325,295 10	Gross Assets, January 31, 1869,	\$31,834,388 76

INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:		THE ASSETS ARE THUS APPROPRIATED:	
Cash,	\$1,862,689 68	Net Reserves, Company's Table, 4 per cent.,	28,753,512 09
Bonds and Mortgages,	21,458,357 43	Surplus,	3,080,876 74
United States and New York State Stocks, cost,	5,003,108 75		31,834,388 76
Real Estate,	961,907 08		
Due from Agents,	29,332 21		
	20,325,295 10		
ADD:		Amount of New Insurance for the year,	\$53,442,335
Deferred premiums (semi-annual and quarterly),	\$1,339,679 95	Number of Policies,	17,334
Premiums, principally for Policies issued in December and January, in course of transmission,	368,500 07	Total Number of Policies in force January 31, 1869,	62,466
		Amount insured thereby,	204,983,565

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

FREDERICK S. WINSTON. HON. JOHN V. L. PRUYN. WILLIAM MOORE. ROBERT H. McCURDY. ISAAC GREEN PEARSON. MARTIN BATES. WILLIAM BETTS, LL.D. JOHN WADSWORTH.	ALFRED EDWARDS. OLIVER H. PALMER. SAMUEL E. SPROULLS. SAMUEL M. CORNELL. HON. LUCIUS ROBLESON. W. SMITH BROWN. RICHARD PATRICK.	WILLIAM H. POPHAM. WILLIAM A. HAINES. EZRA WHEELER. SEYMOUR L. HUSTED. SAMUEL D. BABCOCK. DAVID HOADLEY. HENRY A. SMYTHE.	WILLIAM V. BRADY. HON. W. E. DODGE. GEORGE S. COE. WILLIAM M. VERMILYE. JOHN E. DEVELIN. WELLINGTON CLAPP. ALONZO CHILD.	HON. HENRY E. DAVIES. RICHARD A. McCURDY. FRANCIS SKIDDY. J. ELLIOT CONDUCT. JAMES C. HOLDEN. HUGH N. CAMP. HERMAN C. VON POST.
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HANOVER

Fire Insurance Company.

OFFICE, 45 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital, . . . \$400,000 00

Surplus, Jan. 1, 1869, 250,682 28

Total Assets, . . . \$650,682 28

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I. REMSEN LANE, Secretary.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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AND

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As 500 miles of the western portion of the line, beginning at Sacramento, are also done, but

267 MILES REMAIN

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THEY HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN AT SIX PER CENT., and both PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD.

The entire amount of the mortgage will be about \$30,000,000, and the interest \$1,800,000 per annum in gold. The present currency cost of this interest is less than \$2,500,000 per annum, while the gross earnings for the year 1868, FROM WAY BUSINESS only, on AN AVERAGE OF LESS THAN 700 MILES OF ROAD IN OPERATION, WERE MORE THAN

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS.

As the supply of these Bonds will soon cease, parties who desire to invest in them will find it for their interest to do so at once. The price for the present is par and accrued interest from January 1, in currency.

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AND BY

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Bonds sent free, but parties subscribing through local agents will look to them for their safe delivery.

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NEW YORK.

Jan. 20, 1869.

The First Mortgage Bonds of the ROCK-

FORD, ROCK ISLAND AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD COMPANY

pay both the Principal and Seven per Cent. Interest—1st

Feb. and 1st Aug.—in GOLD COIN, Free of Government

Tax.

A limited amount only of these Bonds may be had at

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TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

New York Life Insurance Company,

OFFICE, 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

JANUARY 1, 1869.

Amount of Net Cash Assets, Jan. 1, 1868.. \$8,774,326 01
Amount of Premiums received during 1868.. \$3,912,130 07
Amount of Interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, etc.. 766,144 13— 4,678,260 20
Total.. \$13,452,606 21

DISBURSEMENTS
Paid Losses by Death.. \$741,043 22
Paid Annuities and for surrendered and cancelled Policies.. 135,863 45
Paid Dividends to Policyholders.. 1,235,905 26
Paid Commissions and Agency Expenses.. 493,714 73
Paid Advertising, Physicians' Fees, and Reinsurances.. 76,978 87
Paid Salaries, Printing, Office, and Law Expenses.. 130,558 64
Paid Taxes and Internal Revenue Stamps.. 35,107 60— 2,829,131 76
Total.. \$10,618,474 45

ASSETS
Cash on hand, in Bank and in Trust Company.. \$397,351 51
Invested in United States stocks—cost.. 2,978,907 49
(Market value, \$3,154,808 75.)
Invested in New York City Bank stocks.. 41,549 00
(Market value, \$47,862.)
Invested in New York State stocks.. 947,556 42
(Market value, \$991,070.)
Invested in other stocks.. 210,578 60
(Market value, \$222,500.)
Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks.. 408,100 00
(Market value of securities, \$505,745 50.)
Real estate.. 878,806 59
(Market value, \$1,038,806 59.)
Bonds and mortgages.. 2,389,000 00
Secured by real estate, valued at over \$5,000,000 (buildings thereon insured for \$2,000,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security.)
Loans on existing Policies.. 1,237,535 63
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums, due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869.. 475,066 07
Interest accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.. 60,449 44
Rents accrued to Jan. 1, 1869.. 2,387 76
Premiums in hands of agents and in course of transmission.. 564,784 85— 10,618,474 45
Add excess of market value of investments over costs.. 897,348 15
Cash assets Jan. 1, 1869.. \$11,000,822 60

LIABILITIES OF THE COMPANY.
Amount of Adjusted Losses due subsequent to Jan. 1, 1869.. \$92,131 00

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
CHARLES WRIGHT, M.D., Asst. Medical Examiner.

Amount of Reported Losses awaiting proofs, etc.. 18,700 00
Amount reserved for reinsurance on existing Policies: (\$86,297,710 10 Participating Insurance at four per cent. Carlsruhe, net premiums. \$1,047,434 65 Non-participating at five per cent. Carlsruhe, net premiums)..... 8,473,594 03
Return Premium 1868, and prior thereto, payable during the year.. 727,115 40— 9,211,540 46

Divisible Surplus - - - \$1,689,282 17

DURING THE YEAR 9,105 NEW POLICIES HAVE BEEN ISSUED, ENSURING \$30,765,947 67.

THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES HAS DIRECTED the redemption, on and after the first Monday in March next, of the last and only outstanding Scrip Dividend (that of 1867), and from the Undivided Surplus of \$1,689,282 17 they have declared a CASH DIVIDEND, available on settlement of next annual premium, to each participating policy proportioned to its "contribution to surplus." Dividends not used in settlement of premiums will be added to the policy.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Vice-President and Actuary.

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MORRIS FRANKLIN, President of the New York Life Insurance Company.

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LEWIS F. BATTELLE, (late Battelle & Renwick,) No. 163 Front st.

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ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD.

INCORPORATED 1819.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$3,000,000

NEW YORK AGENCY:

62 WALL STREET.

Assets January 1, 1869, - - - \$5,150,961 71
Liabilities, - - - - - 299,553 98

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JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

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